

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

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A LITTLE NATION LEADS THE WAY

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A SEA TALE OF NAPOLEON'S DAY THE BELL THAT RINGS IN SAD NEWS

Ship that Took the Money for
Our Fighting Forces

A PIRATE CARGO

Two sea tales of the long ago have come into the news of late.

One is of the bell of a missing ship which went down while Napoleon was still in power in France, before Trafalgar. It is this bell which rings-in news of missing ships at Lloyds, the great shipping office in London; and it is thrilling to remind ourselves that the bell which rings such news has been itself at the bottom of the sea, wrecked before the eighteenth century opened.

It was the bell of a gallant frigate of 32 guns which sailed from Yarmouth for Hamburg in the autumn of 1799, laden with money for British troops then fighting on the Continent and gold and silver bars for German bankers.

Captured In a Raid

It was at the time when Europe was fighting the new French Republic, whose arms were being carried victoriously in all directions by her generals, including a pale-faced young man named Bonaparte. The Lutine was the name of the ship, and she had been captured by Lord Hood in a raid on the French naval base of Toulon, and taken into the British service.

But a gale arose in those rough October days, and the Lutine never reached her destination. For a lee tide drove her ashore upon the sandbanks between Vlieland and Terschelling, and down she went with all her treasure and all her crew, save one man who clung to a spar, and was washed ashore, only to die of exhaustion.

The Lost Treasure

Many attempts have been made since then to recover the treasure, valued at about a million pounds, which was lost in that disaster. Dutch fishermen found a few gold coins. In 1858 and 1859 divers brought up 42 bars of gold and many bars of silver, an arrangement having been reached in 1822 whereby anything recovered was to be divided equally between Lloyds, the insurance brokers, and the Dutch Commissioner of Wrecks. But only a tenth of the lost treasure has so far been yielded up, and many thousands of pounds have been spent in vain attempts to wrest a harvest from the obstinate sands.

Now there is to be another attempt by a Dutch syndicate, which hopes, with the aid of improved machinery, to achieve success. Lloyds has always maintained the keenest interest in the fate of the sunken vessel; so much so that when the Lutine's bell was recovered from the sea, Lloyds hung it in the stately hall, where it is solemnly

Writing Home



Boy Scouts are becoming great travellers, the international jamborees and holiday camps in foreign countries bringing together Scouts from all parts of the world. Here we see a Scottish Scout writing home on a camp desk during his visit to the Copenhagen Jamboree

rung when announcements are to be made of ships overdue or missing. The Chairman's throne and the Committee's table are made of the Lutine's rudder.

The other story is from America, telling of a brass cannon belonging to a ship that went down 70 years ago, with half-a-million pounds' worth of gold dust. The cannon has just been brought up near Santa Barbara, California, by divers who were raising a sunken torpedo-boat. It has been identified by the makers as one sold to the owners of the Yankey Blade, and the records show that the Yankey Blade left San Francisco early in 1854 for New York (via Cape Horn) at the height of the gold rush, with many miners and this consignment of gold dust for a New York firm.

The nature of her cargo became a little too well known, however. She was boarded by a gang of desperadoes before

she sailed and was run ashore 300 miles on her journey. But a storm destroyed the ship and her crew and the pirates.

The bodies of some of the miners were washed ashore with their store of gold dust in their belts, but the chests with the half-million's worth of gold sank with the brass cannon. What have the Pacific currents been doing with them since? Are they intact and lying near where the cannon lay, or are they smashed and their contents dispersed? That is what the divers are going to try to discover.

THE WORLD'S SHIPS

Lloyds Register shows a drop of over a million tons in the world's shipping between June 1923 and June 1924.

This is the first time a fall has occurred since the statistics were started. The figures for Great Britain alone show a drop of 175,000 tons.

RULER OF THE REPTILES

A LADY OF THE ZOO

The Wriggling Inhabitants of
the Reptile House

HOW THEY ARE MANAGED

Miss Joan Proctor, who came to the Zoological Gardens last year as Curator of Reptiles, has the wonderful faculty of sympathy with animals of all kinds.

Although she is quite young, Miss Proctor is in entire charge of all the snakes, alligators, crocodiles, lizards, and tortoises at the Zoo, and the keepers of the Reptile House think there is no one like her.

Miss Proctor has kept large snakes and little crocodiles as pets at her home in London ever since she was twelve. She handles them now in a marvellous way.

Too Dangerous to Handle

"But, of course," said Miss Proctor, "no one here handles the poisonous reptiles or the big boa-constrictors. They are far too dangerous. It is not that any of the snakes are vicious, but if somebody they knew was handling them when a stranger came into the room they might get frightened and bite."

"When the venomous snakes have to be removed for any purpose we use a special apparatus, consisting of rods of thick iron wire, four or five feet long, on which they are picked up like banks of rope and put into a tin, the lid of which is slammed down quickly. As for the big python, when we want to clean his cage, we shut him off behind sliding doors of steel."

Miss Proctor has a great deal of work to do in the little hospital and dispensary which she has opened on the upper floor of the Reptile House. Snakes suffer from abscesses and diseases of the jaw-bone, lizards get bronchitis, tortoises get pneumonia, and they all are inclined, when first they arrive in the Zoo, to go on hunger-strike through fright or sulks. Even today there is an old ground-iguana, four feet long, which must be fed by hand with special yams, sent every day from a West End store.

A Wrong Idea

The idea that giant snakes are given live animals to eat is quite wrong. The pythons get chickens, rabbits, and even goats, but not live ones. Live grass snakes are, however, given as food to the King Cobra.

Miss Proctor has a friend who shares the office with her. This is Rikki-tikki-tavi, a grey mongoose from India which used to be in the Small Mammals House, but developed trench feet through not having enough exercise. He now roams freely from the waste-paper basket to Miss Proctor's desk, or on to her shoulder or, preferably, into the trouser-legs of a male visitor. But, as everyone knows who has read Kipling, the mongoose is a deadly foe of snakes, and this one has to be shut up whenever the Curator unpacks crates of new arrivals.

A VILLA THE ROMANS BUILT THE FOLKESTONE DISCOVERY

Home of a Wealthy Citizen who Lived in England by the Sea

FIFTY ROOMS FOUND

Holiday-makers at Folkestone have this year been able to turn away from the bandstand on the Leas to see the Roman villas which Mr. S. E. Winbolt has been excavating; and which were put up by a wealthy Roman some 1500 years before the housing question became a difficulty in England.

A rather luxurious landowner this Roman dignitary must have been, a retired general, perhaps, or something important in the pro-consular department. There may have been two of them, as there were two villas, which come to within 20 yards of one another.

But, on the other hand, it is not easy to understand why, in days when building sites were so cheap, two rich Romans should build such magnificent dwellings close to one another. One villa has a corridor 9 feet wide and 160 feet long, with rooms running along it on one side and two wings stretching away on the other. The other villa has a series of rooms 120 feet long altogether with a corridor on either side, giving plenty of room in either of them to entertain guests. There are about 50 rooms in all, but it is most likely that they formed one villa, for, after a great deal of searching, something like a connecting wall has appeared between the two sections.

Stately Life of a Roman

As the excavator's careful pick discloses the old villa foundations, something of its owner's station and way of life becomes revealed also. There was a noble bath, with heating chambers. There was also a plunge bath. There was excellent drainage; and on the ornamental side, the villa had tessellated floors and marble cornices.

Coins have been found, and burial urns. The coins include those of Alexander Severus, of Aurelian, and of Constantine. Some of the burial urns were not Roman, but British. So, in scraps and fragments, we can glimpse something of the stately life of the old Roman villa till the day came when the owner of the villa, like the rest of the governing Romans, must take ship to go back with the legions to Rome, and leave his old home to fall into disrepair and decay, and gradually slip back into the soil of Old England.

BACK TO THE ROMANS Idea That Has Survived the Test of Centuries

WARMTH AND FRESH AIR TOO

It is a wonderful thing that when the time came for deciding how Liverpool Cathedral should be heated Sir Gilbert Scott, the architect, should have selected the old Roman method.

The old Romans heated their floors with hot air, and in the stone and marble floor of Liverpool Cathedral are channels through which hot air is circulated.

At a meeting of the Royal Institute of British Architects at which Sir Gilbert was present, a designer of schools, Mr. Widdows, pointed out that ordinary hot-water pipes along the walls did not give enough heat when proper ventilation was introduced. When an engineer guaranteed to give a school building 60 degrees of heat indoors when it was freezing outside, he meant that he could do so if every door and window was shut.

The Roman method kept the feet warm, so that the blood circulated, and the cool air when admitted, striking the skin and filling the lungs, acted as a tonic. Clearly our heating and ventilating engineers must go back to Rome.

DISCOVERY IN THE BED OF THE SEA

A Fortune Nearly Missed GOLD FROM A LOST SHIP OF THE WAR

Ever since the Armistice was declared divers have been at work on the wreck of the White Star liner *Laurentic*, torpedoed in 1917, bringing up gold and silver from her hold.

She lies on the floor of the Atlantic off Lough Swilly, and when she went down she took with her 2879 gold bars worth six million pounds, as well as a million's worth of silver, mostly in florins. Now only a few bars remain, and these were to be got up as soon as the weather moderated.

But at the end of last summer a great mistake was nearly committed. When it was time to leave off for the winter, there were only a very few bars left in the bullion chamber where the gold was stored, and it was decided that it would not be worth while to come back and set up all the apparatus this year just for these.

But, just as work was being closed down, it was discovered that in the fore-hold were no fewer than 200 more bars worth a quarter of a million, and so, of course, the men did come back this summer.

Now nearly all the bars have been got up. The work is dangerous, but happily throughout these operations no lives have been lost, and the only casualty has been one broken leg.

Besides their naval pay and 7s. 6d. a dip, the men get one sixty-fourth part of the value of the goods saved—a very handsome sum in this case.

THE ROCKET TO THE MOON

Plan that May Work Before the Race Dies Out

NEW GERMAN SCHEME

So many wonderful things have been accomplished by science that no educated man today likes to scoff at ideas that may seem at first fantastic.

The idea of sending a rocket to the Moon, conceived by Professor Goddard, of Clark University, U.S.A., has, at any rate, elicited the assistance of the Smithsonian Institution, one of the greatest scientific institutions in the world, and, as we have already noted, the professor hopes actually to make an attempt to fire his giant rocket during the present summer. It is not an idle experiment, but a serious attempt to reach the Moon with a projectile fired from the Earth, the result of long and careful mathematical calculations.

But more serious still are the ideas of a German scientist, Hermann Oberth, who has devised a rocket weighing 400 tons, which would start off from the Earth with a speed of six and a half miles a second, driven by alcohol and hydrogen. It would be able to carry two persons (if two were willing to go), and would cost fifty thousand pounds to make.

Such an idea sounds like a fairy tale, yet such a serious journal as *Nature* says of it that "in these days of unprecedented achievements one cannot venture to suggest that this ambitious scheme may not be realised before the human race is extinct."

A FALLEN GIANT Cedar Weighing Seven Tons

One of the largest trees in Australia has lately been felled. It was one of the last of the forest giants, and was estimated to be 400 years old. It was nine feet in diameter and weighed seven tons.

THE BRIDGE DOCTORS

Sounding Westminster EFFECTS OF THE STRAIN OF TRAFFIC

Westminster Bridge has been examined by the doctors to see that its heart has not been affected by overstrain.

This examination has been made necessary because of the apprehensions raised by the sad condition of Waterloo Bridge, which was allowed to go on doing too much work and suffering from too many lorries till it was in danger.

All the London bridges are now coming under examination by the engineers and surveyors, who are the doctors of steel and iron structures as they are also their builders. The bridges have had more to bear than they were intended to bear by their constructors, who built them before the heavier and more numerous motor vehicles of today were passing over them.

It is the girders of the bridge which are tested. A steel cable is passed through the length of the bridge between the girders and anchored to the land at each end. The movement of the cable is watched and measured by sensitive instruments when a load is on the bridge. Any movement of the piers is similarly noted. Finally, a very sensitive instrument signals any alteration in shape of a girder under stress. *Picture on page 12*

COLOUR ON THE MOON Some New Photographs

Some remarkable snapshots of the Moon have been shown at a meeting of the British Astronomical Association by Mr. F. J. Hargreaves, who had elaborated a new way of photographing the Moon in colour through the refracting telescope of the Headley Observatory.

These natural colour photographs show that the general tint of the Moon's surface is like that of dried mud, or the weathered Portland stone of London churches. But in some of those large darker patches which we can see on the Moon, and which have been long but wrongly called seas, the colouring is brighter. The Sea of Tranquillity is olive green; the Sea of Serenity is brownish; and the Sea of Imbrium is mottled brown and olive green. There is one other sea, that of Aristarchus, which from its yellowish tinge is believed to have deposits of sulphur.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Cotton is now being grown in San Salvador.

Canada is to provide 3000 British families with farms next year.

New Zealand has more than doubled the cost of education since the war.

About 600 million pennies are collected every year in London gas-meters by the Gas Light and Coke Company.

Millions Spent on Art

Since 1910 America is said to have spent more than £50,000,000 on paintings, sculptures, and tapestries.

A French Pioneer

A monument has been unveiled at Avesnes to Jessé de Forest, an early French emigrant who helped to found New York City.

Tram Noises

The noise made by tramcars is greatly reduced in an American town by the use of a braking system modelled after that used on motor-cars.

The Cost of Fish

The United States Fish Commission estimates that the consumers of the world pay over 250 million pounds a year for fish.

A New Word

The American Society of Electrical Manufacturers has decided to do everything possible to change the term Broadcast to Radiocast, which they say is more appropriate.

LITTLE GERMANS GO TO PARIS

The Next Generation Making Peace

FRIENDSHIP OVER THE FRONTIER

By Our French Correspondent

Has the Paris Gare du Nord ever witnessed a more promising sight, one wonders, than it saw the other day?

In the morning a crowd of grown-ups applauded the return of M. Herriot from England, where he had done his best for peace. In the afternoon a crowd of French children applauded the arrival of a trainful of little Germans, their guests for the holidays.

They number 150, these young visitors, 150 boys and girls who did not kill, did not set villages on fire, did not plunder. They suffered through the war as did the children of all countries. They also lost their fathers and brothers. They also had a sad childhood. Why, then, may they not be friends with our own children?

To exchange kisses across a frontier after a war to defend it may seem a strange thing, yet is it not better than exchanging shells?

Living as Brothers

These hundred and fifty little Germans who have come to France will tell other little Germans, when they go back, that the French are not so wicked as they were made out to be; and the little French children who have been romping with them will grow up with the feeling that not all the Germans are bad. So all may turn out well.

Was it for that that millions died a little time ago? It was. It was for this purpose that millions of French and Germans died to make the Great War the last war, that their children might live as brothers.

Let us shake hands with a German when we have the opportunity, and if he wonders at us, saying *In spite of the war?* let us answer *Because of the war!* and we shall have done our part to build up a nobler Europe.

This visit of German children to France is not a threat; it is surely a promise. As someone wrote not long ago, universal friendship is not a Utopia, any more than glory is, but "glory is a wicked Utopia feeding on men, whereas friendship is content with love and songs."

DILEMMA FOR CITIZEN TRADERS

Public Duty and Private Interests

There has been great concern among members of town and county councils because Mr. Justice Bailhache has given a judgment in the High Court that they cannot hold their seats if they are directors of companies doing business with the councils they belong to.

It is difficult to understand their surprise, because that always has been the law, and in many corporations it has been strictly adhered to. It is a sound principle in public life that a man should not put himself in a position where his public duty and his private interests may clash. And how can he judge justly which of two tenders for public work should be accepted if he is connected with the company making one of the tenders?

People are saying that the decision will do harm because many directors of companies with corporation contracts are doing useful work on the councils, and because many companies whose directors are councillors are doing useful work for their towns. But, after all, the supply of men capable of doing good work is not so small that we shall be ruined unless we allow them to play both parts. They must choose which form of service they will take.

WANTED, A BEAUTY LAW

A GREAT CHANCE FOR PARLIAMENT

What to Do with Our Ugly Pieces of Waste Land

MAKE THEM BEAUTIFUL

As the War Office insists on doing its best to spoil Lulworth (we hope without success), so our factories and mines have done their best to spoil much of our beautiful countryside. Mining districts, iron districts, chemical districts, textile districts, have all in various degrees acquired a frightful ugliness, which unhappily becomes part of the lives of millions of hard-working people, who are deprived of a birthright of loveliness.

When we travel about in Lancashire, Yorkshire, or South Wales, we see ash heaps, accumulations of refuse, banks of slag, excavations, and dumps of various sorts which cry out for treatment, and it is good to know that, fortunately, there is hardly any soil, however unpromising, which in time cannot be made to grow something. An association has been formed to encourage tree-planting, and it is suggested that Parliament should lend its aid.

Spoiling the Scenery

In Belgium they passed a law in 1911 which is worth attention. It provides that any person mining or quarrying or excavating, or doing any other public work affecting the surface, "must, as far as is possible, restore the appearance of the soil, by planting the excavations, heaps, and so on, with trees or other vegetation that will remain permanently. Planting must be carried out as each portion of the work is finished."

Unfortunately, it is not only necessary to make a law, but to see that it is obeyed, and it is said that not very much has been done to see that this Belgian law is carried out. The truth is that people understand better how to spoil ground than how to improve it.

It ought to be better known that many trees grow well on pit banks and quarry tips. Among them are the birch, the alder, the maple, the wild cherry, the lime, and the chestnut. These are quick and vigorous growers.

Trimming Up the Surface

In the case of such heaps of refuse as do not allow of the planting of even vigorous young trees, something can be done by trimming up the surface, scattering soil, and planting such hardy things as ivy and St. John's Wort.

Why should there not be a Minister of Beauty (or, let us say, a Minister of Fine Arts) charged, among other things, with the preservation of what beauty remains, and the restoration of what beauty has been destroyed?

There are not only the big industrial areas to deal with. Wherever we go, whether it be the borders of lovely Dartmoor, or the surroundings of a Surrey common, we see too many instances of the destruction of beauty by bad fencing, by the making of careless rubbish heaps, and by gaudy and thoughtless advertising.

Reverence for Beauty

The owners of building sites frequently leave them fenced with unsightly wood or wire, and decorated with offensive notice boards. Untidiness of this kind, in town and country alike, spoils the enjoyment of many a fine prospect. It is not a good thing, even from the point of view of the person who makes the ugliness, for obviously he does harm to his own property. Wise laws on the subject would benefit the general public while harming nobody.

More, too, might be done at school to inculcate reverence for order and beauty. When our eyes are opened to beautiful things, they can no longer tolerate the ugly things.

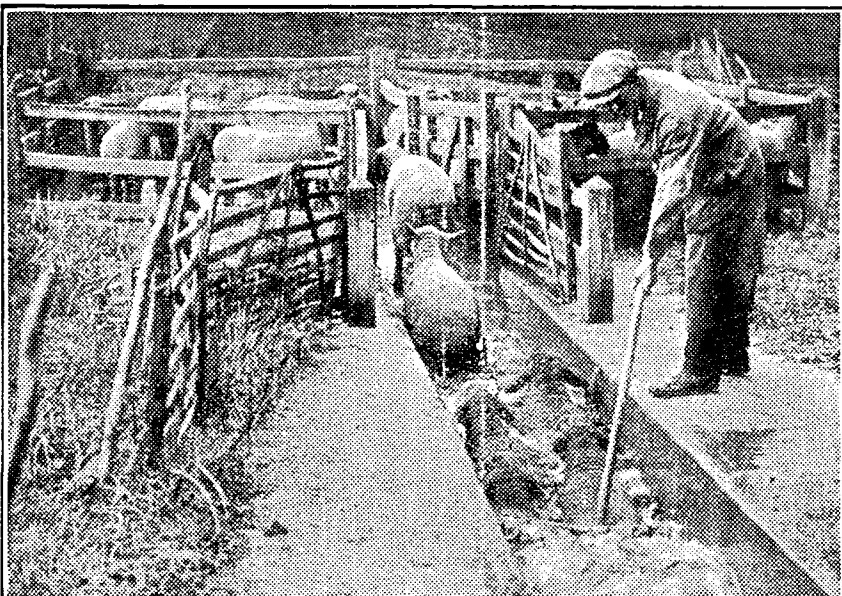
THE GREAT SHEEP DIP



Herding the sheep before the dip



The sheep entering the dipping tank



The sheep leave the tank after dipping

All over the country hundreds of thousands of sheep are now being dipped; by law they must be given a chemical bath which kills parasite pests and keeps them healthy. Here we see how the dipping is carried out on a big farm. See page 4

THE COVENANT OF THE NATIONS

WHAT IT SAYS

Twenty-Six Articles that Help to Improve the World

THE KEystone OF GENEVA

By Our Correspondent at the League

We, the Covenanters, in order to bring about peace on Earth and goodwill towards all nations, agree to this Covenant of the League.

Such is the high aim of the League to whose meeting the world is looking forward with high hope. The means to be employed to carry out this aim are: By accepting obligations not to go to war; by dealing, openly, justly, and honourably with other nations; by keeping the rules of international law; by upholding justice and faithfully carrying out all agreements. Then follow the 26 articles.

The first seven deal with the machinery to be used to carry out the work the Covenanters have set themselves to do. A complete description of this is given in the Children's Encyclopedia.

Agreement in the League

One special point should be noticed. No action can be taken by the League unless every Covenanter agrees to it.

The 8th and 9th articles contain the first directions for bringing about peace. Armies and guns everywhere must be reduced, and the Covenanters must set about doing it.

Articles 10 to 17 lay down the rules to be followed when serious quarrels arise, and 18 to 21 point out the way in which nations shall deal with each other.

Among the most interesting of all the articles is number 22. A great deal will be heard about this article very soon, as that part of the League appointed to see that it is carried out has been invited to hold its next meeting at Wembley in October. This is because of the particular interest which our Empire takes in its work. More than any other it points out the way of *just* dealings which the Covenanters are pledged to follow.

Showing Goodwill

It is the one which states clearly and definitely how the guardianship of certain backward peoples should be administered, that sacred trust which was committed to Great Britain and some other countries on behalf of the League.

In number 23 six important lines of work are sketched out, and the Covenanters have the task of developing them as fully as possible. They are ways in which goodwill may be shown among all nations. "International Co-operation" are the words used in the opening lines of the Covenant.

Some of these six ways are endeavours to bring about fair conditions of work and commerce. Others are struggles against evils such as the abuse of opium and drugs, and the spread of dangerous epidemics. The prevention of disease and the improvement of health are also specially mentioned in Article 25, in which the Covenanters agree to encourage all Red Cross activities.

Bringing Peace to the World

Number 24 arranges that all international work shall be co-ordinated under the League, gaining strength by being so gathered together, and number 26 is a business measure to be followed when any article needs to be altered.

Everything in the Covenant has to be done with international action; it is a covenant between nations which each has signed and pledged itself to keep. There is no interference with a country's own doings, unless such doings in any way injure another country. Then, in imagination, we may hear, as one great voice booming out: "We, the Covenanters, have agreed —"

If these Covenanters be firmly enough determined to carry out their pledge of bringing peace and goodwill to the world, they will surely prevail.

BRAVO DENMARK LITTLE NATION LEADS THE WAY

Proposal to Drop the Army
and Navy

NEXT, PLEASE

There has been a great deal of talk about disarmament, but the difficulty has been to make a beginning. Now at last a beginning is to be made by one of the smallest countries, Denmark.

When the Danish Parliament, the Rigsdag, reassembles in the autumn, the Government will lay before it a Bill for the practical abolition of both army and navy. It recommends this step because it believes that for a small nation armaments are useless and therefore a needless extravagance.

Living in Amity

Of her Scandinavian neighbours, Sweden and Norway, Denmark has no fear. Though, through the centuries, there has been much strife among these three, they live today in closest amity.

Denmark's one land frontier marches with Germany. Her last war was with Germany in the sixties of last century, when Germany took from her Schleswig-Holstein, of which the northern parts were inhabited by Danes and the southern by Germans. Since the Great War these have as far as possible been sorted out by a plebiscite, and Denmark has regained only what is her own.

There is no sign that the German Republic wishes to rule again over Danes, but the point of the Danish Government in its present proposal is that if Germany did attack her, such an army or navy as Denmark could keep would be unable to put up any resistance worth making—that, indeed, she would be *stronger unarmed than armed*.

Trying the New Way

One thinks at once of Belgium. Belgium, even though her three great neighbours had guaranteed her neutrality, kept an army, but she could not keep Germany out. Germany's conquest was shortlived, but it was terrible while it lasted.

Now the nations are trying a new way. They are trying to substitute law for force in international relations, backed by the pressure of a world opinion which shall make the fear of outlawry too great for such another outbreak to be possible.

Need we doubt that, as the League of Nations grows, disarmament will be the course of wisdom and of safety, too, for small nations?

And the larger nations? For them the way to disarmament is more difficult. For them it can come only by mutual agreement—that is what the League has set itself to achieve for them also—by the growth and strengthening of law and by the persistent examination and solution of every ground of dispute.

A Great Lead

But if the Danish Rigsdag accepts the advice of the Danish Government nothing can deprive Denmark of the honour of having led the way. Indeed she leads already, for no other Government has even proposed such a step.

The Bill provides that Denmark's conscript army shall be replaced by a small armed police force, and that most of the larger ships of the navy shall be scrapped, leaving a few small vessels for fishery protection and police.

Let us not make too little of the scheme because it is dictated by self-interest. That, after all, is how the principles of Christianity make their way. Men take a right decision because they believe it is in their interest, and only discover afterwards that it was right as well. Old thinkers called Utilitarians attributed all right-doing to "enlightened self-interest," and, given the right interpretation of the words, they were not far wrong.

400,000 SHEEP HAVE A DIP

Great Drive in the Welsh
Valleys

THE LAW OF THE BATH

All the sheep in North Wales have lately been on the move, over 400,000 of them having been driven to certain centres for the dipping, and in other parts of the country thousands of sheep have gone through the same ordeal.

By law sheep have to be dipped at regular intervals, immersed in liquids which will destroy the parasites that set up diseases peculiar to these animals; and the sheep kept out on the mountains are generally driven to fixed centres.

They come to tanks sunk in the ground, or concrete chambers with slanting paths on either side, and the chemical solution is poured in. Then the sheep are driven down one after the other, and after remaining in the dip for thirty seconds are directed up the opposite slope.

The recent dipping in North Wales was a record for that part of the country. Large numbers of spectators gathered at various centres and as the thousands of sheep were driven over the moorlands the way in which the animals were managed by the shepherds and their highly-trained dogs called forth great admiration and enthusiasm.

Not only in shepherding them during the journey did the dogs show their skill, but they proved themselves masters in the art of guiding the animals to the bathing tanks, and afterwards in keeping separate the dipped and the undipped sheep.

Pictures on page 3

THE NO-PUNCTURE TYRE It Does Not Touch the Road

A new invention has been made in the way of motor wheels which is likely to prove of great value, as it gives all the advantages of the pneumatic tyre with an impossibility of puncture.

The pneumatic tube, instead of going round the outside of the wheel, is placed *inside* the wheel. The wheel, in fact, consists of a smaller wheel and an outer rim, the tyre being placed between the two. The outer rim has a solid rubber tyre to take the shock of the contact with the road, but the spring is provided by the pneumatic tube between the outer and inner parts.

The pneumatic tyre thus never comes into contact with the road, and so can never be punctured.

TWENTY EELS

How They Come to be Fed

A correspondent in Australia sends us this interesting news of a woman's strange friends.

A woman in New Zealand has a family of twenty eels.

In the first place she beguiled a very shy eel by feeding it daily with boiled rice or cooked meat, until it would eat from her hand.

The eel seems to have quickly spread the news of its good fortune, and others followed its example, so that now twenty eels wriggle out of the water every day in search of food and allow the woman to touch them.

SCHOOLS TO LISTEN-IN

Australia Sets an Example

The Education Department in Australia has decided to permit the installation of wireless sets in the public schools.

It is considered that by this means country school children will be brought into touch with the metropolis every day, and the use of the schools as a social centre every evening should do much to relieve the isolation in which the out-back communities live.

KU KLUX KLAN AMERICA STIRRED

New Candidate for the
Presidency Faces the Crisis

A RIDICULOUS SOCIETY

Mr. Davis, the Democratic candidate for the American Presidency, has done a fine thing in denouncing the ridiculous Ku Klux Klan.

The Ku Klux Klan, which has been so much praised in this country on American films, is a secret society in America which sets itself above the law. It began in the Southern States after the Civil War, when it more or less succeeded in preventing the freed slaves from gaining the equal citizenship conferred upon them by Congress.

Some of its methods were barbarous and cruel to the last degree. Its members, when passing and executing judgment, wore long cloaks with hoods which covered their heads and faces, leaving only holes for the eyes. By this disguise and the terrorism they exercised they escaped punishment.

Defying the Law

The society died down in the seventies, when its aims had been realised, but it has now been revived in States where the law is not very strong. Its members set up to vindicate the law where the police are unable to do so. But the use of force without responsibility and without legal forms, is itself a defiance of the law, and those who find themselves able so to use it unchecked become "drunk with power," and soon set up a tyranny worse than that they set out to repress.

Some terrible outrages have been perpetrated by members of the Klan quite lately, comparable with those of its early days. Politicians who oppose them have been driven out of public life. In Texas they forced the House of Representatives to impeach Governor Ferguson before the Senate, and he was deprived of his office.

Everywhere the Klan stirs up racial and sectarian hatreds, and it was largely because of the quarrels on account of the Klan that Mr. Davis was nominated as Democratic candidate for the Presidency. His nomination was largely a compromise, and it was assumed that he would respect this compromise. But that is what he has refused to do. He denounces religious and racial bigotry in politics on whatever side it may be shown, and he has invited his opponents to do the same.

Against the Spirit of America

If any organisation (he says), no matter what it chooses to be called, whether Ku Klux Klan or by any other name, raises the standard of racial or religious prejudice, or attempts to make racial origin or religious belief a test of fitness for public office, it does violence to the spirit of American institutions, and must be condemned by all those who believe, as I do, in American ideals.

That is finely and boldly said, and, coming from such a man at such a moment, it will do untold good.

The C.N. has again and again protested against the booming of the Ku Klux Klan in a film which has been shown all over this country as "The Birth of a Nation," and it hopes that the film will not again be put before children.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Carnegie	Kar-neg-e
Echidna	E-kid-nah
Inculcate	In-kul-kayt
Ormolu	Or-mo-lu
Roncesvalles	Ron-se-vahl-les
Swarajist	Shaw-rahj-ist

LITTLE SAVIOURS OF POLAND

WHAT THE GIRLS ARE
DOING

The Polish Guides and Their
Inspirer

A CAMP OF SCHOOL-BUILDERS

The Chief Guide for Poland, writing in the C.N. of Foxlease, the great centre of Guiding in the New Forest, called it the Home of the World's Guiders.

Because Foxlease is an inspiration to British Guiders, and because Polish Guiders also need training and enthusiasm for their work, the Chief Guide for Poland has worked and planned for a Foxlease in her own country, and she will carry her scheme through, for she has a way of succeeding.

The history of the movement in Poland since Madame Malkowska started it has been one long thrill of adventure, of self-sacrifice, of persistent following of great ideals.

Before the war Polish Guides had to meet in secret; during the war it might at any time have meant death to be a Guide at all. Small wonder that it was the pick of Polish girlhood that rallied to the call! Small wonder that the strenuous and dangerous days of the past have brought a heritage of strength to Polish Guides and Guiders.

Madame Malkowska

It was Madame Olga Malkowska who gave Poland its Girl Guides, starting the movement under infinite difficulties in the days of the Great Oppression, sustaining it in the days of the Great War, encouraging it and inspiring it in these days of the Great Trial, for Poland is struggling through poverty to set its feet on the way to its New Jerusalem.

Madame Malkowska, Chief Guide for her beloved Poland, is of the noble army of those who do not fail; who are not cast down, whose eyes are on the eternal things, and whose heart is thrilled with the joy of being alive. She gives of her enthusiasm to those about her; she is of the great host of crusaders who lead us on to the days when there shall be no more war, "and no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, and God shall wipe away all tears."

The game of Guiding spells happiness for her girls, but they also realise that it is a great and responsible thing to be a Guide. Because of this it is sometimes years before they are allowed actually to take the promise.

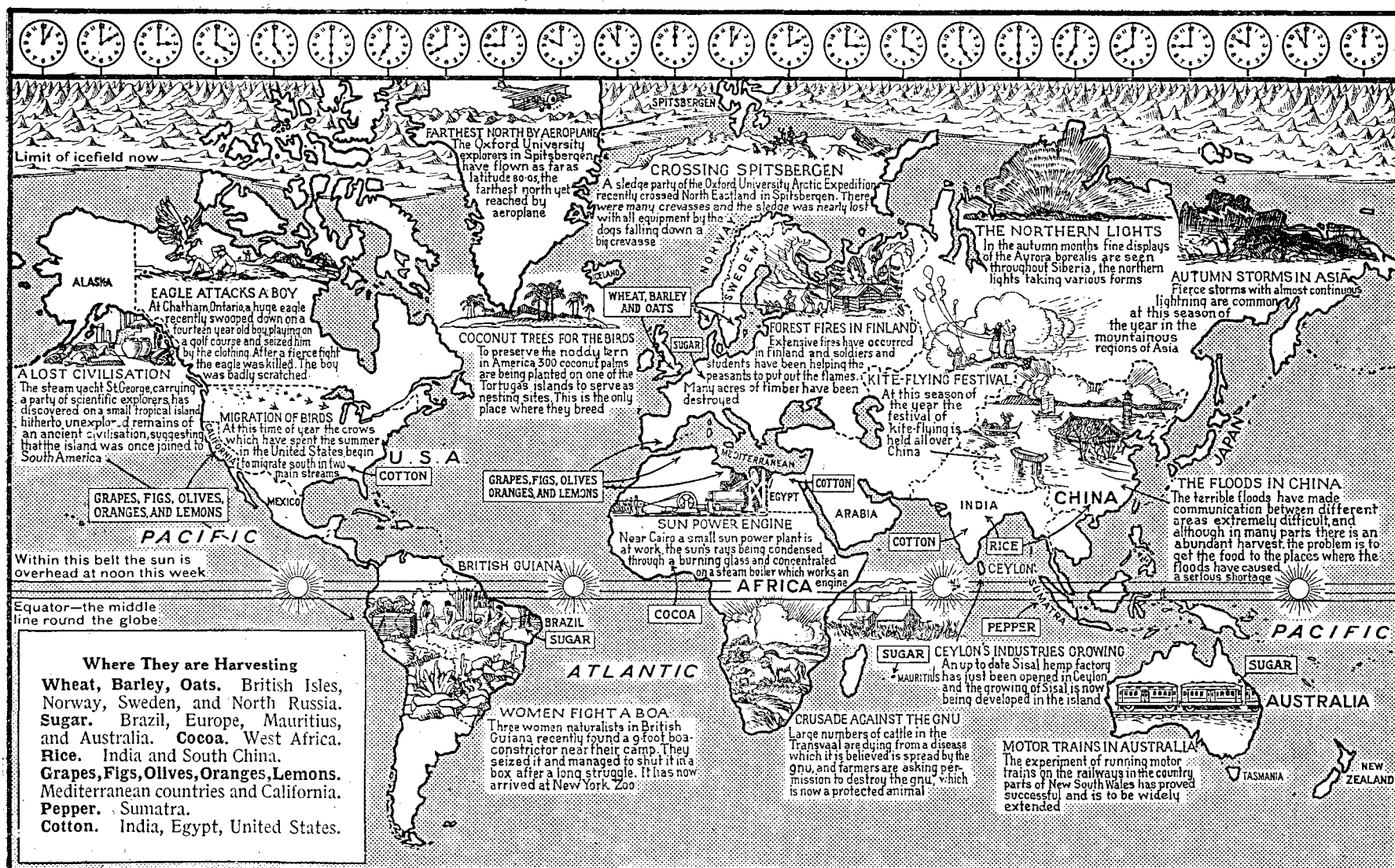
The School-Builders

Lovers of the open air and of simplicity of life, they have altered the Sixth Guide Law to read, "A Guide loves Nature and tries to know it better." Amid the beautiful mountains surrounding their Polish Foxlease they will have ample opportunities for all out-of-door activities.

Not long ago a thousand Guides came from all parts of Poland to their big Rally, and there has also been, during the last few weeks, a camp under canvas at which Guiders actually helped to build their future training school. With splendid courage they refuse to be daunted by the war-poverty prevailing in Poland, and, not being able to afford much paid labour, they are putting their own hands to the task. Their camp was a sight to stir all those who love great visions and great deeds.

But building materials are costly everywhere, and in Poland they are terrible. Boys and girls who would like to help with money for bricks and stones, iron or wood (either through the Girl Guide Headquarters in London, or direct to Madame Malkowska, Girl Guide Headquarters, Warsaw), may be sure that their help will be well rewarded, for every ounce of help given to these Guides now means a ton of happiness for Poland in the years to come.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING HARVESTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



CHANGE COMING OVER THE FARMS

Less Wheat but More Milk MORE PIGS THAN EVER

The war caused a great increase in the food crops grown in England. Since the war there has been a decrease, and this year the area of arable land (land under crops) in England and Wales is practically the same as in 1914. Last year it fell by 253,000 acres, and is now just under eleven million acres.

Wheat has gone down 194,000 acres since last year, which helps to account for the rise in the price of flour. Cereals as a whole, however, have only decreased 130,000 acres. Potatoes, too, which we grew so enormously during the war, continue heavily to decline.

Horses are fewer but, in spite of foot-and-mouth disease, cattle and sheep, like pasture, are up. Of pigs there are 615,000 more than last year, making a total of 3,227,000.

One very satisfactory fact is the continued increase in the number of "cows and heifers in milk" to 2,663,000, beating last year's record figure by 48,000. Abundant pure milk for all, children and adults, is one of the surest ways to national health.

CONQUERORS OF THE SEA

Free Plates for C.N. Readers

During the next week or two a series of splendid photogravure plates entitled The Conquerors of the Sea will be given away free with the C.N.

Next week's plate will be a fine picture of Columbus's flagship, specially painted for the C.N. by Mr. Bernard Gribble, the well-known marine artist.

Place your order with a newsagent now in order to ensure getting a copy next week.

A SEA BIRD MAKES FRIENDS

Odd Visitor for a Seaside Crowd

Was it hunger which led a sea bird, a large member of the diver family, to swim ashore at Ramsgate the other day and hobnob with the paddlers and the folk on the sands?

Its natural food is fish, but the discharge of oil from ships makes fishing difficult for these birds, as C.N. readers know, for the oil gets into their feathers and hampers their movements.

This particular diver allowed itself to be stroked, but refused all food except a ham sandwich one woman gave it. When it had eaten that it followed the woman about asking for more. A fox-terrier who intervened got a peck on the nose and retired. Then a bather picked the bird up and swam out to sea with it, and it was seen no more.

MARCH OF THE RATS

Running for Their Lives

Near Newcastle a troop of rats was reported during harvest time to have left a field that was being cut for a field of bracken where there was less to eat but more shelter.

An old rat, wise with experience of previous years when unpleasant things, and tiresome dogs accompanied the operations of the harvesters, led the way.

Rats often move in large bodies as if led by some of their number whom they are willing to follow. At a big Thames-side fire near St. Katharine's Dock, some twenty years ago, one of our contributors saw a moving black patch in the Thames, which was lit up by the flames. The black patch was a swarm of rats that had left the burning wharf, and was swimming away for dear life.

A STAMP FOR A POET

On the occasion of the fourth centenary, September 11, of the birth of Pierre de Ronsard, the French Government has authorised the issue of a special postage stamp of 75 centimes.

THE C.N. IN AFRICA

How the Copies Go Round

Miss Eleanor Duncan writes to us from St. Aidan's Mission, Durban, South Africa, and we gladly pass on her note to those whom it concerns.

Dear Sir, May I offer my very grateful thanks to C.N. readers who so kindly send on their copies to this mission? I cannot express the immense joy they give, or tell you how eagerly they are received by young and old.

Today I took some C.N.s to a poor Indian boy who is dying of consumption. I wish you could have seen his face light up at the sight of them!

If more readers would send us their copies they would be most gratefully received and distributed. The C.N. has such high ideals of all that is noble and of good report that it cannot fail to carry a missionary message wherever it goes. May each copy travel far, and spread its influence over the Earth.

MAKING A BIRD LAUGH

A True Australian Story

In Australia it is the usual thing for the kookaburra, which we know as the laughing jackass, to destroy snakes and other bushland pests.

Not long ago, while some workmen were demolishing an old building, they were surprised to see a kookaburra on the ground, helplessly intertwined by a big black snake. The men quickly rushed to the rescue, and while one pinned the snake's head to the ground another succeeded in setting free the unfortunate bird.

So thankful was the bird for regaining its freedom that it immediately flew on to a tree close by and laughed for half an hour.

RAILWAYS WAKING UP

Bigger Wagons

A GOOD AND GREAT EFFECT OF AMALGAMATION

Why have English railways gone on so long using small trucks instead of large ones? The C.N. has referred to the matter before, and suggested bigger wagons.

It was shown a generation ago that 20-ton wagons would be immensely cheaper than our present 10 to 12 ton wagons. Americans have always quoted our backwardness in this matter as evidence of our inability to move with the times.

Now at last the Great Western Railway Company is making the change and the explanation of why it is being done is 'the explanation also of why it was not done sooner.'

In the great re-grouping of railways that followed the war, the Great Western absorbed a number of smaller railway systems and docks belonging to them, especially in South Wales. These smaller companies would never face the cost of the change. It meant scrapping not only the old wagons, but all the coal hoists and other apparatus at the docks and the substitution of plant large enough to deal with the large wagons. Then there were all the colliery companies and other undertakings possessing their own wagons.

Now railways and docks are all under one management, and the change can be made everywhere as fast as the wagons and the hoists can be built, and the collieries which will not build big wagons can hire them from the railway.

The change will cost the Great Western Railway two and a half millions. The first train of fifty wagons was delivered the other day, and twenty more similar trains will be delivered in three months.

It is not to be doubted that the other great lines will quickly follow suit.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

SEPTEMBER 13 1924

Passing on the Torch

WE are apt to believe vaguely that we have arrived at a period in the world's history when we can regard society as fixed and permanent, and not likely to change for the worse.

Unfortunately, it is a delusion. There is no guarantee whatever that for the world as a whole we have arrived at fixed conditions.

We know by our history books how ancient civilisations arose, developed, flourished, and fell into decay. We have the broken records of the old river civilisations of Mesopotamia and Egypt. How difficult it would have been for an Egyptian of Tutankhamen's day, who knew Egypt as a great country which had flourished in greatness century after century, to believe that his native land would sink and fall into ruins for future civilisations to discover in amazement.

So civilisation after civilisation has gone down. The glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome have left with us imperishable monuments of greatness to remind us how majestic civilisations can decline and fall; and when we examine the records of these ancient peoples, who perished after doing so much for the world, we find that they can have had no thought that their power would disappear.

We have these advantages over the ancients, that we can make better records, travel more quickly, keep ourselves informed as to what the world is doing, and bulwark our State with the magnificent discoveries and inventions of science; but these things exist for us only in so far as we care to use them, and unhappily most people care nothing for the foundations of British prosperity.

Of what does a nation consist? The answer is that it consists not of material things but of human beings. Of what will the future consist? Of the children growing up. The children of today will grow up to make the future of Britain, and whether the future of Britain is to be great or small, depends on what the children of today learn to be.

Life is as a Torch which one generation hands on to another. The flame may flicker, may revive, may burn steadily, or may be extinguished. Grown-ups are passing the torch to their children, who in their turn will have the chances to make a greater Britain still.

Nothing is finally settled; nothing is finally done; life is an unsettled thing in which all has to be constantly done over and over again, *done better or done worse*. The hope of the new generation is that it can profit by the past, and that if it does so the past lives with it and helps it.

The future is in our hands today; we make it what we will.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



A Little Rest

THE French Parliament has a Bill before it proposing a little rest for journalists. Will somebody at Westminster please send a little rest for journalists nearer home?

Three Men of Three Centuries

ABOUT 150 years ago a young man saw in Oxford one of the great men of his time, Samuel Johnson. Dr. Johnson, who was born in 1709, was getting on in years, and the young man who saw him loved to talk about his meeting with the wise old man. This young man grew up to be the well-known Dr. Routh, who was President of Magdalen College, Oxford. He, too, lived to be a very old man, and there is living now, in 1924, a flourishing citizen of Melbourne who remembers him well. So the space between 1709 and 1924 is covered by three lives.

If Dr. Johnson had made one of his famous remarks to Dr. Routh, and the Doctor had passed it on to his friend, we might have had a message from the eighteenth century handed down to us by only two men.



All Europe is looking forward with hope to the dawn of a New Day, thanks to the success of the London Conference

From Politics to Roses

AN Englishman is born with considerable responsibilities, especially if he inherits wealth and is provided with the best education to be had.

Such men have duties to the State, and cannot refuse the battlefield of public life. The Senators and Generals of Rome might sigh for a Sabine farm, but they stuck to their posts. Mr. Stanley Baldwin longs for the orchards of Worcestershire, but he works in smoky Westminster. Lord Grey, another of those whose heart is sorry among bricks and mortar, has at last given himself permission to retire. After nearly twelve years of semi-blindness he is going to take his rest.

Long ago he planned what he would do when the day of release came. He would make a great bonfire in his garden, and throw on it all the Blue Books, all the Hansards, all the political pamphlets he possessed. "How I shall stir the fire," he said, "and how I shall mulch my rose trees with the ashes!"

A Wonderful Thing That is Happening

IT has always been an argument with tragic force in it that a child born in Hampstead has a greater chance of life than the child born in Shoreditch.

Things are improving, and it is thrilling to read the figures of Sir George Newman, the Chief Doctor of the Nation.

Everywhere the death-rate is declining, and Shoreditch is *catching Hampstead up*. The figures for last year show an improvement which means that, if it goes on at the same rate only (and it will actually go on at a greater rate), *the child born in Shoreditch will in fifteen years have exactly the same chance of life as the child born in Hampstead*.

Tip-Cat

MR. FORD has decided to turn out aeroplanes. They are no good indoors.

EVERYBODY is up for Wembley. Except those who are down for it.

NEW relics of the Iron Age have been found. Probably by an iron-founder.

THE only free seat in a London park is on the grass. And there is nothing to prevent you cutting yourself freely on a blade.

FLIES are likely to spoil any picnic. They will keep having a bite.

SCOOTERS, we are assured, have come to stay. This disposes of the idea that they had come to go.

YOU are not allowed now to fly kites at Brighton. And as they have nothing but tails you cannot expect them to walk.

THE secret of good advertising, we are told, is to end with a punch. Then it is sure to make a hit.

Let Us

Let us be better men!
Let us find things to do
Saner and sweeter than any yet,
Higher and nobler and true!
Let us be better men!
Let us begin again,
Trying all over the best we know
To climb and develop and grow.
Let us be better men!
Whether with pick or pen,
The labour we do is a work worth while
If our hearts are clean and our spirits smile,
And out of the ruck and rust and stain
We make some growth and mark some gain.
Let us be better men!

For Ever New Zealand

ALL round the hillock flows a sea of verdure, the woods of the New Forest.

The church was set on the mound in Norman times for a landmark. By its walls there is a yew judged by experts to be eleven hundred years old.

The slopes of the hill are covered in gravestones and in long grass, which is cut only twice a year. Two corners of the churchyard are better kept, however. One is the burial ground of the Lords of the Manor, with its hedge and its wrought-iron gate; the other corner has a hundred regulation crosses, such as we see in the military cemeteries in France. There was a hospital for New Zealanders here, during the war.

The Hospital Orderly

Among the crosses is one ordinary stone raised, not by the Government, but by the villagers, to the memory of Sukra, an Indian hospital orderly. The stone says that he was not a Christian, though he left his own land and kin to serve in a War to end War, and laid down his life for others. Large-minded were the villagers and rector, who recognised the inner spirit of Christ without the outward forms of the Church, and gave this unbaptised follower of the Master a place of honour among their dead!

An old man tending the graves will tell you how he spends eight hours every week in pious care of this soldier's corner. He will show you, with a special kind of affectionate pity, a cross which marks the last rest of a youth called Lawrence. "His people came all the way from Masterton in New Zealand to see his grave," says the gardener. "He was their only son. They stayed in the Forest a fortnight. They put a little stone at his feet."

The Old Days in the Forest

There are just the facts and dates on the regulation cross at the boy's head. The little stone at his feet says he died that the world might be made better.

Every English mother whose son lies in Flanders thinks of his grave as Rupert Brooke bade her:

... some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England.

Does this English earth seem foreign to New Zealand women?

All round the churchyard stretch many thousand acres of ancient woods set aside for his private pleasure by William the Conqueror eight hundred years ago. Men were blinded and hanged for poaching here. The very leaves seem to whisper of oppression, tyranny, revenge.

Yet here in this haunted forest is one corner which speaks of a young country, of a fresh vision of life, a greater hope for the world, one corner of an English field which is for ever—New Zealand.

Betty's Prayer

Father God, please stay with me,
Through the night when I can't see;
I'd like it best if You would stand
Beside my bed and hold my hand.



PETER PUCK
WANTS
TO KNOW
If the boy who
dropped an H
broke his word

PAGE BOY WHO WON FAME

FRANCE REMEMBERS PIERRE DE RONSARD

Four-Hundred-Year-Old Story of a Prince of Poets

A CONQUEROR OF FATE

By Our Paris Correspondent

About 400 years ago a little French page boy came across the Channel to be page to the King of Scotland. The boy was 12, and the Queen of Scotland, with whom he came from France, was four years older.

The little page was Pierre de Ronsard, who was born on September 11, 1524, and is today remembered as one of the chief poets of France in the generation before Shakespeare. Here our Paris correspondent recalls his story.

He was a musician, a painter, a sculptor, but he was before all a poet. Like Victor Hugo, Musset, and Lamartine, he wrote poetry as soon as he could write. Like Tennyson, he kept the mind of the public riveted to himself for over forty years. Like all those whose names convey anything at all to us, he is known all over the literary world; and, though 300 years have elapsed since his death, what Frenchman could not repeat Pierre Ronsard's most famous verses?

An Open-Air Child

In 1523 the Hundred Years War and the feudal wars had just come to an end, and nobody yet foresaw the coming of the wars of religion. One of those rare years of quiet happiness for France was dawning when Ronsard came to life in the oldest historical manor of the oldest province of France.

The child grew up in the open air. He had horses, dogs, falcons, and ferrets of his own. He could ride, he could swim, he could fence and dance. In the evenings his beloved mother would entertain him with stories of the feats of Bayard, the famous knight of chivalry; his father would tell him of Homer and Virgil. But the sky, the rivers, the forests, the fountains, were perhaps the chief influences of Ronsard's early life.

Joys and Sorrows

At twelve little Pierre took a post as page with the Dauphin. After the tranquillity of country life, he was to know the life of Court, Camp, and Embassy; he was to learn the joys and sorrows that make up the destiny of princes and nations. Six days after he had reached the palace, the Dauphin died, a victim of poison; and the poet was later on to write "I was there."

He passed into the house of the Duke of Orleans. It was the time of the stately visits of James the Fifth of Scotland, who wooed the Princess Madeleine of France; and the child took part in the magnificent feasts with which the wedding was celebrated. He looked so attractive that the young couple wished to have him with them in Scotland, and this led our page to the scene of another tragedy, for the beautiful Princess died immediately on their landing at Leith.

Turn of Fortune's Wheel

Once more Ronsard was to write of a grim occasion, "I was there." The widowed King of Scotland would not give up the little page, and he kept him for two years at Court.

Ronsard did return home, however, and he had not been home long before another turn of fortune's wheel took him to Switzerland and to Flanders. Here he had two interesting experiences. In Flanders he met Erasmus; in Swit-

HOW COPENHAGEN CAME TO WEMBLEY

THE owners of a fine Danish liner of 12,000 tons, running between Copenhagen and New York, have been trying an interesting experiment this summer.

Many people in Scandinavia who wanted to go to Wembley had heard that there would be great difficulty about hotel accommodation in London, so it was arranged that they should travel on the Frederik VIII, and be able to use this vessel as their hotel.

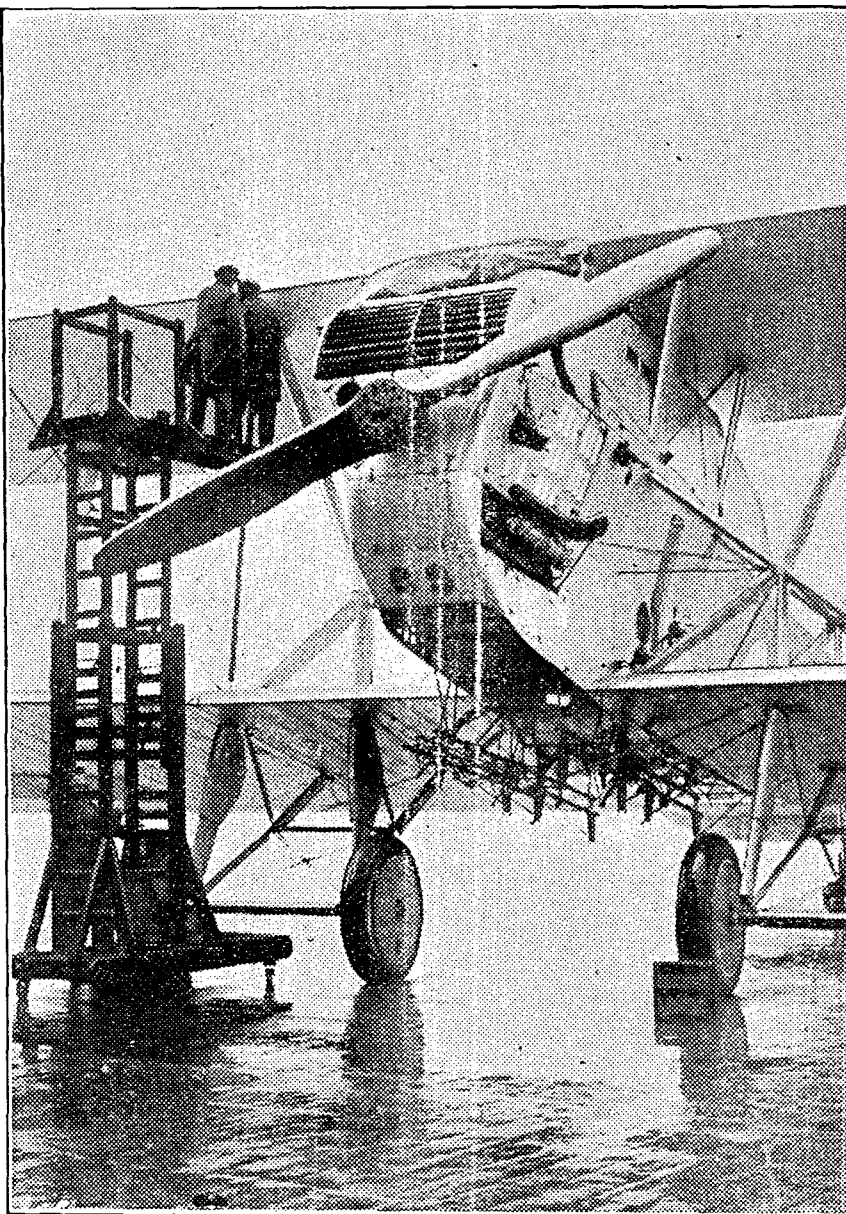
Two excursions were arranged, and on each of them between 300 and 400 passengers were carried. The first time the good ship left Copenhagen on August 2 and arrived in the Thames on August 4. There she stayed, moored off Greenwich

Buoys, until August 9, when she sailed home again. The trip was so successful that it was repeated.

Every morning, after the passengers had taken their breakfast on board, tenders took them ashore to Greenwich Pier station, where they caught the 9.53 to Charing Cross. Here a fleet of charabancs was waiting to take them to Wembley, and all over London. At the end of each day their special train was waiting to take them back to the pier, so that they might dine on board.

The Frederik VIII has now gone back to her Atlantic run. She has a crew of 300, and is a fine, fast boat, admirably fitted for ocean travel.

A GIANT OF THE CLOUDS



The giant Blackburn Cubaroo aeroplane, fitted with a single thousand-horse-power Napier engine, which recently made its first flight successfully in Yorkshire. It is the biggest single-engine aeroplane in the world.

zerland he met Calvin. He was only sixteen when he came to Paris again; but contact with so many people, and travel through so many scenes and countries, had developed his intellect to an extraordinary extent, so that a life full of promise lay before this amazing young man. Then a great catastrophe befell him; he became deaf.

Science was not advanced in those days. Ronsard knew at once that he must abandon any hope of a brilliant career as a man of the world. Broken-hearted, he retired to the old manor of his childhood, to the old familiar life of woods, birds, and flowers; and settled down to work.

He retained the most vivid remembrances of England, England with her "great nobles," with the "famous swans of her Thames," and with her "in-

numerable white sheep passing to their fold in huddled masses."

Another hard trial influenced the fate of Ronsard; the woman he wished to marry did not care for him. But some consolation came to him, for from his twentieth year onwards he was a brilliant personality in France and abroad, and he conquered adversity. We must believe that a touch of divinity may have soothed his grief, for he himself wrote that "Poets tread the earth with their feet while their minds soar in the skies."

When Ronsard died, the page boy had grown into a famous man of sixty. The only French journal of the time spoke of him as "the first and the last of our poets." Many others France was to have, but she has always cherished the memory of Pierre de Ronsard as her "Prince of Poets."

INDIA AT THE CROSS ROADS

CRISIS IN THE WORKING OF THE REFORMS

Home Rulers Keeping Back Home Rule

MINISTERS WITHOUT SALARIES

By Our India Correspondent

Those who are eager to see Indians show themselves capable of governing their own country are anxiously watching the present trend of affairs.

It will be recalled that toward the end of last year India chose new parliaments for each of her provinces, and a new Parliament for the whole country. In almost all of these assemblies the majority of the members who were returned were Swarajists, or what we should call Home Rulers. They want India to have responsible self-government as Australia and South Africa and Canada have it.

Self-Government by Degrees

But the British Government some years ago also said that India should have Home Rule, and passed an Act which stated by what degrees the control of the country should gradually pass into the hands of the Indian people. The time will come, no doubt; but if India had been given complete Home Rule at the time the Act was passed, or if she were given complete Home Rule now, the result would surely be very disastrous to India, and to the world.

The 319 millions of people in India are not yet ready. Only 171 men in every 1000, and only 20 women in every 1000, can read one of their own languages, and these "literate" are mostly better-class people. The great mass of the people are very ignorant, and though mission schools have done great work among them, and Government schools are springing up everywhere, it will be years before any substantial body of the people can exercise the franchise intelligently.

Wrecking the Reforms

But the Swarajists do not or will not see this. Their declared intention is to wreck all reforms and make it impossible for the British Government to carry on.

All through this year the business of the country has been done under great difficulties. When the Budgets were presented in most of the parliaments certain parts of them were rejected by the extremists, with the result that many useful public works have had to be neglected, and education, among other things, has suffered very badly. It is not that the Swarajists do not approve of the extension of education, or of the improvement of agriculture for which in some places they have also refused grants, but they hope to stir up a spirit of discontent and so force the Government to agree to their demands.

Seeking a Way Out

A favourite method of carrying out their obstructive tactics has been to refuse the salaries of the Ministers of the Government, and in some provinces the Ministers have been serving without salary for four or five months. But there is a limit to what Governments will stand, and a limit, also, to the number of obstacles that can be put in the way of the legislative and administrative machine without its breaking down; and attempts are now being made to find a way out of the trouble.

A committee has been appointed to report on the working of the Reforms, and the Viceroy is holding a series of informal conferences with the Governors of provinces. It is hoped that as a result of these the present situation will be made easier; but it is generally accepted that the Swarajists must be given to understand that their methods are actually postponing the day when India can safely be given a full measure of Home Rule.

SPENDING A MILLION THE SPLENDID WAY IN WHICH IT HAS BEEN DONE

Will Some C.N. Millionaire Please Copy?

WASHINGTON'S NEW HOME OF MARVELS

There has just been opened to the public at Washington an entirely new kind of museum, a veritable wonder-house of science which is a museum, a laboratory, and a theatre in one.

It is a beautiful marble building picturesquely situated on the banks of the Potomac River, and has been erected by the National Academy of Sciences and the National Research Council. Outside, it is a monument that has added one more to the magnificent architectural glories of the American capital, but inside it is a rich treasury of all that is most wonderful in modern science.

For Ordinary People

It is one of the most wonderful places in the world, and has been made possible by a grant of a million pounds by the Carnegie Corporation.

Choice exhibits, costly substances, expensive apparatus, intricate machines, all are there, but they are not in glass cases with notices warning the beholders not to touch. They are unguarded and unprotected, and visitors are urged and invited to handle the exhibits and work the apparatus.

These things are not reserved for the scholar and the expert; they are for the entertainment and instruction of ordinary people who love to know more about the wonderful world in which we live. Full instructions are exhibited as to how switches are to be turned on, buttons pressed, and eye-pieces adjusted, and the visitor is provided with a spectacle of wonder and beauty such as no ordinary theatre could provide.

The Big Brass Ball

The institution is unique, and marks a step forward which it is hoped will be followed in other lands.

Entering the museum, we come into a great rotunda where, hanging by a wire from the top of a sixty-foot dome, is a big brass ball. As it swings to and fro like a pendulum, constantly changing its direction relative to the building, it is proving to the beholder that the globe on which he lives and moves is turning round in one direction. It is Foucault's famous pendulum experiment repeated daily.

Not far away is the very latest type of seismograph, recording on a tape that at least once every hour an earthquake is occurring somewhere in the world—actually ten thousand earthquakes a year. Opposite is an instrument registering and measuring the amount of electricity in the air, while at its side is another apparatus recording the presence of electricity inside the Earth, proving that the world on which we live is a big magnet.

A Dazzling Disc of Light

But one of the most wonderful exhibits in this house of marvels is a dazzling disc of light, six inches across, on a pedestal in the centre of the great rotunda where the pendulum swings. This disc is an image of the Sun, cleverly projected on to the pedestal by mirrors, and a lens in the dome, and as we look down on it we see several faint specks, like dust-spots, on the brightness. These are really sun-spots, images of vast eruptions in the Sun from which showers of electrons are rained upon the Earth. They appear stationary when watched

GOOD NEWS FROM LATVIA

WARM TRIBUTE TO C.N. HELPERS

English Books in a Baltic Land

THE STUDY OF ENGLISH IN LATVIA

Some years ago, when Latvia was reorganising itself as a republic after the war, an appeal for English books to assist Latvian education in English was generously responded to by C.N. readers. We have received a note on the subject from the Latvian lady who made the original appeal, and we are sure it will interest our readers. She says:

"I am sure your readers who so richly provided our library with English books will be glad to hear that our advanced boy classes are enjoying reading Kingsley's *Westward Ho!* Mr. Stead's Books for the Bairns prove to the younger children a source of perpetual delight.

"Our country is now in such a settled state that we are able to order directly from English booksellers cheap editions of good literature, and Scott and Dickens are being read.

"Many of our children, while attending school, have been earning their own living, and even sometimes supporting an aged relation. I call this true heroism. They have spent their vacations at work in farms or factories."

We are sure our readers will be glad to renew touch with this interesting and growingly prosperous Baltic land.

KOREA AND ITS WOMEN

Life Getting Happier

The quaint country of Korea, lying between China and Japan, has been passing through trying times in the last few years; but we hear that life is getting brighter there.

The Koreans have a civilisation far older than our own, and are proud of their ways and customs. But, like so many Eastern races, they kept their women in subjection until the American missionaries persuaded them that this attitude, quite apart from religion, was unworthy of a great people. And so, in the past ten years, women have been allowed to take their place in public life.

Ten years ago no Korean girl's consent was ever asked before she married. No Korean woman was allowed to venture forth from the seclusion of her prison-home to buy what she wanted in the shops. No Korean woman was permitted to travel or move freely from place to place.

Now, all this is being changed. There are 58 women's societies in the country, all working for the betterment of their sex and the improvement of national life. Korean women have entered business and the professions, and their lives are their own.

Continued from the previous column

for a short time, but they may be examined from day to day, when their position and shape are seen to change, proving that the Sun rotates just as the Earth does.

In this wonderful pedestal is an eye-piece, and as we peep through we see the beautiful spectrum of sunlight, the seven colours merging into one another so that it is impossible to say where one begins and the other ends.

In a radio room, by pressing a button here and there we may repeat experiments like Michael Faraday's.

There seems no end to the wonders of this fairy palace of science. There are the living germs of all kinds of diseases, which may be seen moving under high-powered microscopes. Every science is represented in this amazing place. What a splendid way of spending a million pounds. Will some C.N. millionaire please copy?

SCOUTS AND GUIDES AND THE NATIONS

What the League has Done

CHEAP TRAVEL

Scouts and Guides of today are the men and women of tomorrow, and the great Assembly of the League sees the immense value that lies in visits to other countries and the building-up of friendliness between nations in that way.

Letters were sent to all the States in the League asking that travel facilities might be granted to groups of school-boys and girls and to groups of Scouts and Guides. Answers have now been received by the Secretariat of the League, and parties that would like to travel in China or Czecho-Slovakia will find they can do so for half-fares. Should the choice be the kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, or the better-known Bulgaria or Hungary, the reduction will be the same, but Hungary stipulates that these parties must be accompanied by some person in authority, evidently knowing that Scouts (and Guides, too) can sometimes play pranks.

Other countries offer varying reductions, but most of them add, "subject to reciprocity." Naturally, they want the same benefits for their young people as they are prepared to give to those of other countries.

So that Scouts and Guides everywhere are to be encouraged to take part in that great scheme of international co-operation on which the future of the world depends.

PANAMA CANAL BIG ENOUGH

Able to Cope With All Traffic

Traffic through the Panama Canal has increased greatly of late, chiefly owing to the opening-up of new and rich oil-fields in California and elsewhere and the fact that the oil can be carried to the eastern refineries through the canal more cheaply than by any other route.

This increase of traffic has led to a suggestion that before long the Panama Canal will be unable to meet all the demands made upon it, and that another canal will have to be built, possibly across Nicaragua.

The whole question has been gone into exhaustively, with a reassuring result.

At present the passage is made only by day, and even under that condition there is room for a large increase of traffic; but when the canal is thrown open for the whole of the 24 hours, it will be able to deal with any quantity of shipping that is likely to want to use it for many decades to come.

If in, say, half a century's time, the canal should be worked to its full capacity, the provision of an additional pair of locks at Gatun, Miraflores, and Miguél, and a new reservoir at Alajuela, would double its present capacity.

THE PIXIE LEAGUE

Seven Magic Rules

They have a bright little organisation at the Birmingham Broadcasting Station, called the Pixie League.

The symbol of the League is the four-leaved clover, and the Leaguers have seven magic rules:

To feed birds during winter;
To clear up litter after picnics;
To be friends with everything that lives;
To remember that trees are alive;
Never to keep a bird or a squirrel in a cage;
Never to kill a butterfly or tear down a bird's nest;
Never to gather flowers and throw them away.

"A Pixie Guard for Beauty" is the title of a fairy picture on the membership card, and that is the real object of the League, to guard beauty everywhere. We hope that every Pixie Leaguer becomes a genuine crusader for this splendid ideal. Our greetings to them.

WISE MEN OF LIGHT

The Illuminating Engineers

SUNSHINE AND HEALTH

We wonder how many people know that an Illuminating Engineering Society has come into existence?

For many years artificial lighting has been carefully studied, and a thousand inventions have been devised to light buildings by oil, petrol, gas, and electric light. Curiously, it was too often forgotten, while artificial lighting was being studied, that the finest light of all, that of the Sun, is always being supplied to us for nothing. Consequently tens of thousands of buildings came to be erected with windows which shut out light by day.

Hence the work of the modern illuminating engineer, who makes it his business to study the natural lighting of buildings by the Sun. He seeks so to arrange the windows of offices, factories, and warehouses that they shall get the maximum of light consistent with shelter and other comfort. Modern factories and offices are being greatly improved in this respect, with marked results upon the quality of work and health of the workers.

Unfortunately, however, too many of our old factory and office buildings still stand as monuments to the thoughtlessness of those who built them. It is not good for clerks and others to work in dark rooms, which are bad not only for the sight, but for the general health. Every owner of such a building ought to consult the Illuminating Engineering Society as to the means of improvement. As for schools, their proper lighting is of the utmost importance.

A GREAT DISCOVERY

Paving the Way to the World of Colour

Next June a hundred years will have passed by since Michael Faraday announced to the Royal Society his discovery of benzene.

Great preparations are to be made by the Royal Institution and other famous societies to celebrate the centenary of this great discovery, which opened up the great world of colour that aniline dyes have given us.

Faraday made benzene for the first time in the laboratory of the Royal Institution, where today Sir William Bragg continues the great search after truth in other directions.

Benzene has been one of our greatest benefactors, but the chemistry of the new compounds it introduced has proved the curse of civilisation. Benzene is easily converted into carbolic acid, the valuable antiseptic that saves thousands of lives, but a "turn of the wheel" in the chemist's laboratory will convert carbolic acid into a dangerous explosive, and the study of such explosive compounds, in many of which benzene is the starting point, has led to the methods of destruction which form the great tragedy of science.

One year after Faraday had discovered benzene came the discovery of aniline, which is today made in enormous quantities from benzene; in 1835 a German chemist named Runge discovered that aniline treated with chloride of lime produced a beautiful blue colour, but it was not until 1856 that an English chemist, Sir William Henry Perkin, discovered aniline purple and so founded the immense colour industry of today.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

A merino ram in Australia . . .	£5250
Pair of Queen Anne tazzas . . .	£150
A George II chocolate pot . . .	£91
An Irish teapot	£69
William and Mary tankard . . .	£35
A Queen Anne porringer . . .	£20
A James I Apostle spoon . . .	£15

MASTER OF THE CLOUDS

A FLYING MAN'S BOOK

Looking Out on a Hundred Thousand Miles of Space

BEAUTIES OF THE SKY REVEALED BY FLIGHT

Aircraft has brought a new world within our reach, and a clever writer who has had experience of its wonders has written a fascinating book about it.

This new world is Cloudland, and the writer is Mr. Matthew Luckiesh, who calls his book *The Book of the Sky* (Allen and Unwin, 12s. 6d.).

Mr. Luckiesh is an eminent American physicist. He has made a special study of light and colour and the mysteries of electricity, and it is with a poet's vision, as well as with the mental equipment of a scientist, that he talks about clouds, weather, winds, sunsets, dawns, twilights, and other celestial phenomena.

At the Bottom of an Ocean

Truly, there is more in Cloudland than is dreamt of by the militarist or the traveller in a hurry, or even by the map-maker. It teaches us to think of ourselves as living at the bottom of an ocean, an ocean of air which, while it is invisible, has weight or mass, and exerts at sea-level a mean pressure of 15 pounds to a square inch.

In addition to mass, it has inertia, and, like water, its weight varies with its temperature. The variations of temperature, caused by the rotation of the Earth and the diversity of the Earth's shape, are the chief causes of the types of winds that make up what is known as atmospheric circulation.

Movements of the Clouds

Air currents, in turn, fashion and give movement to the clouds, which are formed by the condensation of invisible water-vapour and consist of minute globules of water, reflecting light as polished glass beads and marbles do. Drawing their consistency from sea and river, clouds help to make our globe habitable by bringing rain and screening the Earth from the rays of the Sun.

Clouds are infinite in their variety and beauty, but from the Earth we see only one side of them. To soar among them is to enter the Land of Dreams Come True, where the fairies find their filmiest veils, their richest embroidery. Among other marvels aircraft has made possible is the sight of two sunsets in one evening.

Mr. Luckiesh explains that at four miles up, with the thermometer below zero, the airmen have a range of vision of 180 miles. Within the circle of the horizon lies an area of 100,000 square miles. Never before has a man looked out on such an area of the Earth.

Calendar of the Weather

It is noted that man has ascended in this sea of space to an altitude of about eight miles above the level of the oceans, and, inasmuch as clouds do not extend much higher, he has become already, in his first few years of flying, master of Cloudland. When he knows all about it there may come, from his closer study of the great ocean of air above, a more intimate knowledge of the weather, even, perhaps, a meteorological calendar as accurate as that which tells us of the days of the week.

Meanwhile, we are reminded that the same cloud-forms may not always indicate the same kind of weather. A general knowledge of preceding weather and sky conditions, and of the formation of clouds, is necessary if the weather is to be foretold with any accuracy.

Mr. Luckiesh provides some very helpful guides and he well says that those who are content to be admirers of the sky without considering its utility may find that a general appreciation of the utility of the sky may intensify its beauty as well.

LITTLE ARTISTS

What a New Society is Doing

A CHANCE FOR ALL AGES

Boys and girls often show great artistic talent at an early age, but seldom have the opportunity of mixing with grown-up artists, and discussing their work with those who have achieved success.

Now a famous London art-centre has decided to throw its doors open to junior members. The Faculty of Arts, in John Street, Golden Square, is to admit them on the same terms as grown-ups. The society comprises painting, music, and the other arts of expression. At present painters, black-and-white artists, and sculptors form the largest section.

Boys and girls still at school can join as student-members, and send their work up for exhibition on the walls of the galleries. One of the new student-members, Miss Edith Bruce, had two works exhibited which have just been sold to Lord Leverhulme.

Schools all over the country are taking the keenest interest in the venture, which will open the road of success to many talented young people, whose work will be treated on its merits, without regard to age. The companionship and encouragement of eminent and successful artists may work wonders with shy and sensitive beginners.

NURSES WANTED IN TURKEY

Who will Follow Florence Nightingale?

Women in Constantinople are gradually attaining to something like the freedom their Western sisters enjoy. Owing mainly to their quickness in learning languages, they have become acceptable members of the staffs of banks, post offices, and so on.

Curiously enough, however, very few become nurses. In Turkey nursing is not thought "respectable." It stands pretty much where it stood in England before Florence Nightingale made it respectable—and did so, oddly enough, by going out to Turkey!

But there are Turkish women doctors. That is largely due to a thirty years' crusade of Turkey's veteran doctor, Bessim Omer Pasha, who now has 45 women students under him.

So says Turkey's first woman doctor, Dr. Safie H. Ali, who has been attending the jubilee celebrations of the London School of Medicine for Women. The shortage of nurses, she says, greatly interferes with the work of the several child welfare centres she has set up in Constantinople.

LOOK WHERE YOU GO

Thousands of Falls

Of all the accidents due to falling in the factories and workshops of England, Scotland, and Wales last year, the largest number were not falls from ladders or scaffolding or derricks or roofs, but falls on the level!

There were more than a thousand of them in March, June, and November alone. Two-thirds of these were due to people slipping on the floor or ground, either because the floors were uneven or slippery, or because they were wearing defective boots or shoes; and the last cause was particularly noticeable among women and girl workers, who often prefer fancy to sensible shoes.

About one-third of the accidents due to falls on the level were caused by people stumbling over fixed or loose objects; and most of them were due to loose objects which somebody had carelessly left in the way.

Most of the falls are not very serious, but in South London eight deaths were due to them.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

How Many Different Species of Animal Life are There?

About 150,000, though the number is always being increased by new discoveries.

What Does the Verb "To Blague" Mean?

To boast or lie jestingly. It comes from the French word *blagueur*, meaning to hoax or humbug.

Why are King Charles Spaniels So Called?

The name was given to this breed of toy dog because it came into favour in Charles the First's reign.

How May Liquid Manure be Formed from Soot?

Put the soot in a sack and hang it in a tub of water for a day or two. The water will then be a very useful liquid manure.

Who was Orlando?

The name is a form of Roland, the heroic paladin of Charlemagne who was killed at Roncesvalles, where he blew the magic horn that could be heard for twenty miles.

What is Ormolu?

A kind of brass. The word is from two French words meaning pounded gold, a reference to the original ormolu, which was a gilding. Now it is a gold-coloured alloy of copper, zinc, and tin.

Which Country has Most Memorial Brasses?

England is the great country of ancient memorial brasses, possessing about 4000. Wales has about 20, Scotland only three, Ireland five, and the Continent about 250.

What is a Bench-Mark?

It is a mark cut in stone or some similar durable material as a starting-point in a line of levels for a survey. It is so called because the angle-iron inserted in the horizontal cut when taking a reading forms a bench, or support, for the levelling-staff.

What is the Origin of the Name Canada?

Dr. Isaac Taylor says the name is probably the native word *Kanata*, which means a collection of huts or wigwams—that is, a village or settlement, and was no doubt mistaken by Europeans as the native name of the country.

Which is the Highest Church Spire in England?

Apart from cathedrals, the spire of St. Michael's Church, Coventry, is the loftiest, towering 303 feet above the ground. It is second only to those of Salisbury and Norwich Cathedrals.

Do Cats and Dogs Smile?

Undoubtedly dogs do, as described by Sir Charles Bell, the scientist. The writer has a toy Pomeranian that smiles when pleased as obviously and as often as any human being. Cats may possibly do so, though this form of expressing pleasure must be very rare with them.

How May Freckles be Got Rid Of?

Freckles are the result of the action of the sun on certain cells of the skin, which causes these cells to produce colouring matter, or pigment, and probably this is for protective purposes. They are perfectly natural, and no attempt should be made to remove them. When no longer needed by the skin they will disappear naturally.

Can an Airman See a Rainbow as He Flies Through It?

A rainbow is caused by the refraction and reflection of the light by the raindrops, and no two persons can possibly see the same rainbow. When we see a rainbow, if an airman flew through it, he would see nothing of our rainbow, although he might see another one ahead of him caused by other raindrops.

What is the Difference Between the Red and the Black Ants?

The red ant, known to science as *Formica sanguinea*, is a slave-making ant. The worker is blood-red in colour, and measures from a third to a quarter of an inch long. The black ant, or *Formica nigra*, is the common garden ant, smaller than the red ant, and the worker is dark brown with a silky sheen.

Are There Any Native Buffaloes in Australia?

No; the entire indigenous mammal fauna of Australia, with the exception of the dingo, or native dog, a few rodents, a number of bats, and, in the sea, the seals, whales, and dugongs, is composed of marsupials and monotremes, the last-named being the most primitive of all orders of mammals. The living species are the duck-billed platypus and the echidna, or spiny ant-eater.

THE GREEN PLANET SUMMER AND WINTER ON URANUS

23 Years of Continuous Daylight

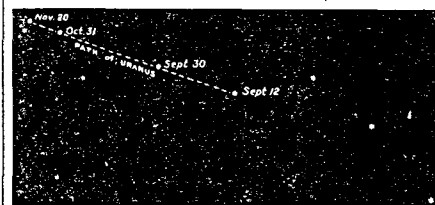
THE LONG WINTER NIGHT

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

The Moon is below the planet Uranus on September 12, just about the time Uranus will be at his nearest to us.

As pointed out in last week's C.N., the presence of the Moon is not favourable to finding Uranus, but by noting exactly the position of the Moon over, say, certain houses or tree tops, as seen from a particular spot, it will be possible for an observer to know almost exactly where to look for Uranus, on a dark night when the Moon is not present, remembering of course to look at about the same time, or, to be more exact, looking four minutes earlier each evening, or nearly half an hour earlier a week later.

On September 12 the Moon at midnight is about seven times her own diameter to the south-west of Uranus, and will pass directly below him early on the morning of the 13th. This event



Succeeding positions of Uranus relative to different stars of about the same brightness

together with the star-map in last week's C.N. and the accompanying star-map, should make it possible to identify this most wonderful world of Uranus.

The accompanying star-map covers a very small region of the sky shown on the extreme left of last week's star-map; an area only six times the width of the Moon, so all the stars shown there, together with Uranus, should appear in the field of view of wide-angle magnifying glasses. Uranus has a decidedly greenish tinge which is apparently due to a very light and attenuated gaseous element in the upper regions of his dense atmosphere.

The presence of this gaseous element has been confirmed by spectrum analysis.

The disc of Uranus appears at present only one-sixth the width of that of Mars, though actually Uranus is a world 430 times the size of Mars. Very little can ever be seen on Uranus, and then only one or two very indistinct but broad belts of cloud, encircling his equatorial regions.

Four Ghostly Moons

These belts are at an unusual angle, almost perpendicular to the path along which Uranus travels, and whereas on the Earth our Equator is inclined but $23\frac{1}{2}$ degrees, that of Uranus is inclined about 76 degrees to his path round the Sun. This is a very serious matter for the Uranians, if any there be. For instance, suppose London were on Uranus, and in the same latitude as on Earth, we should have a summer 21 years long with continuous daylight for about $23\frac{1}{2}$ years. During that time the Sun would never set, but go round and round in the sky once in every $10\frac{3}{4}$ hours.

When near the Uranian midsummer, the Sun would travel in a small circle near the pole of Uranus, much nearer than the seven stars of the Plough do round our North Pole. This may sound very pleasant, but in spring and autumn the days of daylight would be reduced to between five and six hours only, which would be still further reduced as the terrible winter approached, for during a period of over 23 years the Sun would never be seen, and only the dim light of four ghostly moons would be added occasionally to the starlight. G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the morning Venus in the east. In the evening Mars south at about 11 p.m. and Uranus at about 12.30 a.m. Jupiter in south-west soon after sunset.

THE MUD PUPS

An Exciting Story of
a School by the Sea

Told by T. C. Bridges
the C. N. Storyteller

What Has Happened Before

Russell Arnold, a schoolmaster, inherits Salthorpe School from a relative. While he and his sister Bess are on their way to take possession they are caught by the tide, but are rescued by Jack Seagrave, a boy who works for Mr. Soper, the farmer of the land adjoining Salthorpe.

On the advice of Mr. Jarvis, the assistant master, Russell tries to raise money for the school by selling two hundred acres of land to Soper, but he makes an enemy of the farmer by punishing young Soper for bullying Jack Seagrave.

Jack, who has decided to work for Russell, suggests that the school should farm the land, so Russell and Bess go to London to arrange a mortgage. As soon as they have left, Jack is threatened by Mr. Jarvis.

CHAPTER 7

In Hiding

JACK SEAGRAVE'S heart sank, for this was exactly what he had been afraid of. He knew a great deal more about Mr. Jarvis than Russell ever suspected, but Jack had purposely refrained from telling Bess or Russell because he did not want to add to their troubles. Yet he faced the under-master quietly.

Jarvis glanced round to make sure that no one else was within hearing, then turned on Jack.

"I will give you one chance, Seagrave, one only," he said. "It is you who have put Mr. Arnold up to this ridiculous nonsense of farming the land himself. You will promise me that, when he returns, you will do your best to convince him that it would be useless to try anything of the kind."

"But supposing I don't think so?" replied Jack. Though he spoke quietly enough his heart was pounding.

"Who cares what a brat like you thinks?" retorted Jarvis furiously. "I'm giving you a chance, and if you don't take it, believe me, you'll be sorry."

Jack set his lips. "I'm not going to tell lies, whatever you say," he answered doggedly.

"Then take that!" snapped Jarvis, and swung a flat-handed blow at Jack's cheek.

But Jack ducked like a flash under the swinging hand, turned, and ran for all he was worth.

A little way to the left of the drive was a thick shrubbery, and Jack, knowing that on open ground Mr. Jarvis was bound to run him down, made straight for this. He reached it just ahead of his pursuer, plunged in, and wriggled and wormed his way into the thick of it. Jarvis, panting with rage, came rushing after, but Jack dodged under a thick laurel and flung himself flat on the ground.

He heard Jarvis crash past, then picked himself up and ran back the way he had come. He reached the drive again and paused an instant, for he had not the faintest idea in which direction to go. Soper's house was barred to him, and as for the school, if he went into the building he was simply giving himself up to the tyrant Jarvis.

He glanced back, saw that Jarvis was still hunting in the shrubbery, then raced away round to the back of the house.

The school had once been a large private house, and at the back was a big stable yard now used only for storage of coal and such like. As Jack scurried in through the entrance he almost ran into an elderly man in shirt-sleeves who was carrying a coal-scuttle. It was Endacott, once butler to Mr. Fearon, now man-of-all-work to the school.

Endacott pulled up short.

"What's the matter, Jack?" he asked.

"Mr. Jarvis is after me," Jack answered breathlessly. "He's in an awful rage because I told Mr.

Arnold that he had best keep the land and not sell it to Soper."

"You was right, my lad," said Endacott. "Soper would rob Mr. Arnold, just like he robbed old Mr. Fearon. But 'tis a pity Mr. Jarvis has got wind of this."

"It will be something worse than a pity for me if I don't get out of his clutches," said Jack grimly.

"You can do that right enough," Endacott told him. "Here, I'll show you. Come along with me." He scurried away into one of the old stalls, and pointed to a crazy ladder leading up through a hole in the roof. "Get right up there, lad. Then I'll shift the ladder. Mr. Jarvis'll never guess where you've gone. I'll bring you some food after dark."

"You're a brick, Mr. Endacott," said Jack, and went up the ladder like a streak.

Endacott quickly removed the ladder and pushed it under the manger, then, picking up his coal-scuttle, went straight into the kitchen. As he looked out of the window he saw Mr. Jarvis come striding into the yard.

"My, but he's in a rage!" said Endacott to himself, and slipped away into the pantry.

Jarvis put his head into the kitchen.

"Endacott!" he shouted.

The old butler heard, but made no move.

"The old fool!" growled Jarvis. "Never here when he's wanted."

He turned, and Endacott, peering out, saw him leave the yard.

The old man chuckled softly.

"If I'm not mistook, you've had your day, Mr. Jarvis," he said to himself. "It's my opinion there's better times coming to Salthorpe."

CHAPTER 8

Jack Lies Low

FOR more than an hour Jarvis searched the premises, hunting high and low for Jack. Once he came into the stall above which Jack was hiding. But though he saw the opening in the floor above, he did not notice the ladder, and even if he had it would probably never have occurred to him that Jack could have used it.

At last he made up his mind that Jack had bolted altogether.

"A good job, too," he growled as he went in to his supper. "The brat knows too much. So long as he is out of the way I can handle Arnold."

For two days and two nights Jack lay hidden in the loft. Luckily for him there were a couple of trusses of old hay in a corner, and, opening these, he made himself a very comfortable bed. Endacott brought him food and some old magazines, and Jack was not half so bored as you might think.

The Arnolds' visit had been on a Monday. On Wednesday morning early Endacott brought Jack some breakfast, and told him that the Arnolds would be down by the two o'clock train that afternoon.

"Then I'll slip out and meet them," said Jack.

"That's right," said Endacott, "but don't let Jarvis see you."

"I won't do that," promised Jack. "I'll get off while he is taking morning school. No need to stick up the ladder. I can drop down all right."

Jack had no trouble in getting away unseen. Endacott had left a bucket of water for him and some soap, so he had a good wash, and it was a clean if ragged boy who stood on Marsh End platform eagerly awaiting the London train. It came rolling in, and almost before it had stopped Jack saw Bess jump out.

"Oh, Jack, how splendid!" she cried. "I'm so glad you came."

Her brother came up and shook hands.

"So Mr. Jarvis allowed you to come, Jack," he said with a smile. "He didn't object, sir," replied

Jack, with a faint twinkle in his eyes. He looked at the other. "Is it—is it all right, sir?" he asked nervously.

Russell smiled again. "Quite right, my boy. I have the promise of enough money to carry on for the present. Now I am going straight to the school, and on the way we can discuss plans."

Jack had a boat waiting, and as the tide was right there was no difficulty in pulling across the creek. The luggage was to go round by road.

While Jack pulled, Russell told him that he had raised a thousand pounds on mortgage.

"But I have to pay fifty pounds a year interest, Jack," he explained. "So I must hope to make that money out of the farm."

"I think you can do that, sir," said Jack. "You will want to buy four good milch cows to begin with and build a small dairy. Then if you had some bullocks you could fatten them on the salt marsh and make eight or ten pounds on each when you sell them. I feel sure it will be all right, sir."

"I hope it will," replied Russell. "I shall have to rely largely on your advice, Jack, and in return I propose to enter you as a member of the school and give you your board and education."

Jack stopped rowing.

"Me—me in the school, sir?" he exclaimed.

"Why not, Jack?" asked the other.

"B—but I'm nobody—just a foundling. And they're gentlemen's sons at the school."

Russell leaned forward.

"Listen to me, Jack. At a big school such as I have come from, birth counts for nothing. It's what a boy does—what he makes of himself, not where he comes from. I've seen the son of a grocer fagging the son of an earl, and the earl's son was proud to be fagged, for the grocer's boy was captain of his house. You will go right into the school with the rest, and it will be up to you to make good."

Jack drew a long breath.

"I'll make good, sir," he said, and by the intense earnestness in his voice and manner, Russell and Bess both felt that this was something more than a mere promise.

They walked up from the ferry to the school.

"We have come to stay this time, Jack," said Bess. "We wrote to Mr. Jarvis to have our rooms ready. You will go into one of the dormitories."

Jack flushed hotly and suddenly Bess understood.

"Your clothes you are thinking of," she said, quickly. "But don't worry. My brother bought you some things in London, and they are in our luggage."

"It was you who thought of it,"

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said Jack, with absolute conviction, and Bess smiled.

"Well, you know, you saved our lives last Monday," she laughed. Then she stopped. "Why, here is Mr. Jarvis coming to meet us," she said.

CHAPTER 9

Jarvis Grows Desperate

JARVIS it was, and Jack could have laughed at the dismay which showed on the man's face when he saw who was with the Arnolds. Jarvis had been quite sure that Jack had bolted, and to see him turn up like this made him fairly writhe with rage.

The worst of it was that he could not show his feelings. He twisted his face into a smile, a very crooked one, as he greeted Russell and his sister.

"I had your letter," he said, "and your rooms are quite ready for you."

"Thanks very much," said Russell. "I have come to stay this time. Now the first thing I wish to do is to speak to the boys."

"That will be quite convenient. They will be in at three o'clock for school," said Jarvis. "In fact, they are coming in now."

Russell turned to his sister.

"Get one of the maids to show you your room, Bess, while I speak to the boys."

Bess nodded and went off. Jack, too, made himself scarce. Then Russell followed Jarvis into the schoolroom.

There were only eighteen boys in all. There had been nearly forty in the old days, but the school had gone down badly during the past few years. Of course they all knew that this tall young man was the new Head, and they gazed at him with enormous interest.

Russell was quite at home with boys. He stood a moment looking at them with his pleasant smile.

"You all know that I am your new Head," he said. "Most chaps hate new masters, for they think they mean new work. I am no exception. I do mean new work." He paused and watched eighteen faces fall dismally. "Don't look so miserable," he said. "It is not indoor work. The work I want you to do is all out of doors."

Everyone picked up and looked so interested, that Russell almost laughed.

"You know the school owns a lot of land," he said. "What do you say to helping me to work it? Of course, I shan't ask any of you to tackle that sort of thing unless he likes to do so. Will those who would like to help me raise their hands?"

At first it seemed to Russell that every hand in the room went up, but presently he saw that two boys were sitting tight. One was a lanky, white-faced, black-haired boy, the other a fat youth who had his hair plastered down with brilliantine and wore a bright red tie.

"Sixteen, I see," he said. "Quite enough for my purpose. You will hear all about it in a day or two. Meantime I am asking Mr. Jarvis to give you a holiday for the rest of the day, and there will be jam for tea."

"Hurrah!" shouted one boy, and all the rest cheered. Everyone looked happy except the two objectors and Jarvis.

As soon as the room was cleared Jarvis got his hat and, slipping out by a side door, went straight to Soper's. The fat farmer met him with a scowl.

"You've messed things up all right," he growled. "I seed that brat along with them Arnolds an hour ago."

"It is not too late to put matters right," replied Jarvis quickly. "Not if we can get rid of young Seagrave."

"How can we do that?" demanded Soper.

"What about that brother of yours, the one who owns the trawler?"

Soper started.

"Simon! My word, I'd never thought of him. But it's a good notion o' yours, Jarvis, a real good notion."

TO BE CONTINUED

Five-Minute Story

The Coward

JOE LEE was a coward. His schoolfellows in the little North American township never let him forget it. Even the smallest of them teased and bullied him to their heart's content, knowing that Joe would never hit back. And he was a big fellow, far stronger for his age than any other boy in the school.

The fact was that Joe did not know his own strength. But he did know that he could not bear the thought of arousing anger in any other person, and shrank from their annoyance like a flower shrinks in a bitter wind. So there was not a single new boy that came to the school who did not find out within a few days what fun was to be had by baiting old Joe Lee, the coward, who would not hit back at them.

But one day a party of the boys went down to bathe in the broad river that ran to the sea past their home town. Among them was a boy who was the worst of Joe's persecutors, a small, cheeky fellow, with a fine idea of his own importance. He was a good swimmer, but a still better boaster. And on this occasion he dived from the river bank, and turning round as he trod water, challenged the rest to follow him. Some of them swam out to where he was. But Joe Lee stayed near the shore, while they jeered at him for a coward.

After a time, most of the boys returned to the bank. But the boaster swam out again, far into the stream, saying he would show them all who was their master. And suddenly they were startled by a scream, and saw that he was struggling with the current, having swam out of his depth.

The boys looked at each other in terror. But the only one who did anything was Joe Lee, who dived into the river without a second's hesitation, and was soon nearing the drowning lad with powerful strokes of his strong young arms.

And now he was at his side; and then the frantic and exhausted victim was clutching at his neck. Dragged under once, Joe came to the surface gasping for breath. The other boy's arms were still round his neck, and he was being dragged under again. So Joe Lee, the coward, struck him full between the eyes with his fist, and knocked him senseless. Then, with the limp body lying on his shoulder, he swam on his back to the shore, to be met with ringing cheers by his schoolmates.

It was many years later, at the end of the terrible civil war that rent America asunder, that men who had known Joe Lee as "the coward," came to shake his hand, the hand of Captain Lee of the Federal Army, whom President Lincoln had decorated with the highest honour for bravery on the field of battle which it was in his power to bestow.



Now From Each Hill Let Music Thrill



D! MERRYMAN

"I WISH something could be done to stop your snoring," said Jim to his brother Jack as they got up one morning. "It is most annoying."

"Don't worry about that," replied Jack cheerfully; "it doesn't annoy me at all."

A Puzzle in Rhyme

THERE'S not a creature lives beneath the sky
Can secrets keep so faithfully as I:
All things for safety are to me consigned,
Although I often leave them far behind;
I never act but by another's will,
And what he should command I must fulfil.

Answer next week

WHAT is the difference between twice five and twenty and twice twenty-five?
Twenty. (Twice five and twenty is thirty.)

Superfluous

AT a certain college it was the custom to place students on their honour during examinations, and they were required to write a pledge at the end of their papers that they had neither given nor received aid during the examination.

One day, soon after the students had handed in their papers, a young man re-entered the room and told the examiner that he had just remembered that he had not added the usual pledge to his papers.

"Quite unnecessary," said the professor with a sad smile. "I have just been looking through your work, and I am quite sure that you neither gave nor received assistance."

The Dandelion's Song

I AM not very handsome
And I am not very big,
Of variegated foliage
I have no single sprig.
I'm not a hothouse beauty,
Nor an exotic rare,
But all the children love me
And that is all I care.
The grown-up people eat me
And call me just a weed,
I have to cultivate myself
And sow all my own seed.
I blossom all the summer,
Though no one calls me fair,
But the little children love me,
And that is all I care.

ISABEL HOBBS

President Lincoln's Riddle

"How many legs will a sheep have if you call the tail a leg?" asked President Lincoln of some friends one day.
"Five," they all answered.
"You are mistaken," said Lincoln, "for calling a tail a leg don't make it one."

At what time of day would it be dangerous to see an enraged bull in a narrow lane?
After one.

A Dangerous Invader



WHILE strolling on the shore one day
Young Snorum met by chance
A lobster who remarked, "Bon jour!
I've swum across from France."
"A French invader," Snorum laughed,
"Prepare to do your worst!
No doubt you are descended from
Nipoleon the First!"

Do You Live at Barnet?

THIS name is a diminutive form of the Norman-French word *berne*, meaning a narrow space, a ledge, and is no doubt a reference to the configuration of the land at this part. In olden times it was spelt *La Bernette*.

It has no connection with Barnetby in Lincolnshire. That name was formerly spelt *Bernetebi* and means the dwelling of Bernard, probably some local magnate.

What Am I?

ATTRACTIVE first! whose power all hearts obey,
Whether in milder or more firm array;
With silent eloquence thou'rt often seen,
In black, or blue, or grey, but seldom green.
Degrading next! by tyrants only used,
With which both brutes and slaves are oft abused;
The wise and good despise thy stern control,
They govern by my first each willing soul.
My whole in silken rows my first befriends,
And from impending ills each hour defends.

Solution next week

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Mud and Water
The mud was two feet deep. The stick was in two feet of mud and four of water, with twelve feet above both.

A Puzzle in Rhyme Star-board
Alphabet and Arithmetic
House + Pin + Star - Rat + Mug - Gun - Ship = Mouse.

Who Was He?

The Dunce was Lord Clive

Jacko Mows the Lawn

JACKO always enjoyed his grandfather's visits. They generally meant half-a-crown to him.

Besides, Grandpa Jacko was really a charming old gentleman. He firmly believed a nut diet had kept him from growing old, and always liked being with the young people, as he called it. He enjoyed their fun.

One morning Mrs. Jacko had a card from him.

"Here's Grandpa coming to see us today!" she exclaimed.

They were all as pleased as could be—except Mr. Jacko.

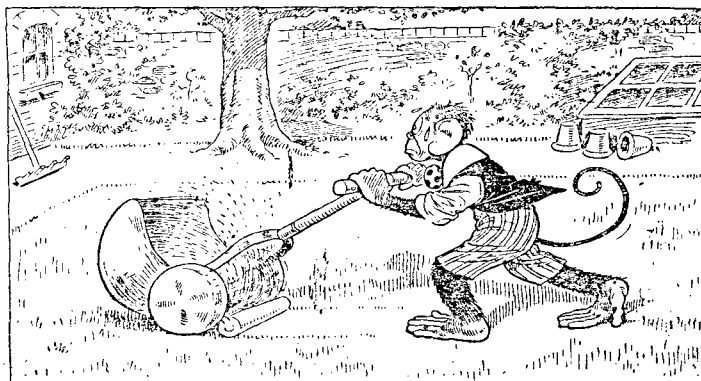
"I wish we'd had more notice," he said, looking out of the window. "The garden's like a pigsty. I'm ashamed for anybody to see it. Just look at the lawn!"

He turned round and made a dive for Jacko who was sneaking out of the room, guessing what was coming.

"Take off your coat," commanded Mr. Jacko, "and get the lawn-mower out of the shed."

And Jacko had to obey.

Up and down the lawn he puffed with the mower. He had to push like anything because the grass was so long, and he had



Jacko didn't dare to stop

had quite enough of it by the end of half an hour. But he didn't dare to stop because his father was keeping an eye on him from the window.

However, Mr. Jacko couldn't sit at the window and watch Jacko all the morning. He had to go out, and Jacko heaved a sign of relief when the garden gate shut behind him.

And he wasn't out of sight before Jacko had fung himself down on the grass for a rest. He hated hard work of any description, and mowing the lawn was hard work; there was no mistake about it.

But if there was one thing Jacko was brilliant at it was at getting somebody else to do the hard work for him. This time it was the dog.

He dragged the unfortunate animal out of its kennel and harnessed it to the mower. And off they went.

"Coo! I'll be finished in half the time," said Jacko triumphantly.

But the dog had other ideas on the subject. It didn't like pulling the mower, and, besides, it had caught sight of a cat on the path.

And suddenly it dashed off after the cat with the mower rattling behind it, and Jacko hanging on for dear life.

They went over the flower-beds and smashed all the geraniums. Then the cat made for the gate. And the dog went after it just as the gate opened and Mr. Jacko came in!

There was a terrific crash, and they all ended up in a heap on the ground.

"Wait till I get at you, you wretched boy!" roared Mr. Jacko, struggling to get on his feet.

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

Birds that Unexpectedly Swim

A Midland reader, who is interested in that most useful bird, the peewit, sends us the following surprising observation of the bird's possibilities.

During recent floods a young peewit was forced, owing to the sudden rise of the river, to leave the portion of meadow land where it had been living, or be drowned.

It was not old enough to fly, and its fate seemed certain. The parent birds flew round with anxious cries. Apparently they were calling to it to come. Then, to the surprise of all who were watching, it took to the water, and, guided by the calls of the old birds, swam to a place of safety.

Les oiseaux qui nagent à l'improviste

Un lecteur des "Midlands," qui s'intéresse à cet oiseau si utile, le vanneau, nous rapporte cette étude remarquable sur les ressources des oiseaux.

Lors de l'inondation récente, un jeune vanneau fut forcé, par la crue subite de la rivière, d'abandonner la partie de la prairie qu'il habitait, au risque de se noyer.

Il était trop jeune pour pouvoir voler, et son trépas paraissait assuré. Ses parents voltigeaient autour de lui en poussant des cris d'angoisse. Apparemment ils l'appelaient à eux. Alors, à la surprise de ceux qui l'observaient, l'oiseau se mit à la nage, et, guidé par les appels de ses aînés, atteignit un lieu sûr.

Tales Before Bedtime

The Hanky-Bunny

ROLAND, who was six, was very fond of going for long walks all by himself.

He found himself in a big meadow one day, and at last he became tired of chasing butterflies, weaving daisy chains, and watching ants. He really wished that he had brought a book, for there didn't seem to be much to be done in the world today.

At last, just for something to do, he took out his handkerchief, and very soon his restless fingers were turning it into a rabbit.

It made a beautiful bunny, for the border was spotted, so that the Hanky-Bunny had a spot at the end of each of its long ears and one for the tip of its short tail. By stuffing its tummy with grass, he made it quite fat, like a real one.

Very soon Roland began to wish his Hanky-Bunny were alive, and he wondered what would happen if his spotted handkerchief suddenly came to life. And, do you know? almost as soon as he thought this his handkerchief *did* turn into a real rabbit—at least, that was what he thought had happened. He had thrown it extra high in the air, and as he ran in the direction in which it had fallen, what did he see but a brown baby rabbit start up and run off!

Roland, of course, ran after him; but it was no good, for Mr. Bunny soon managed to hide himself. But though Roland could no longer see the rabbit, he ran on. When he was completely out of breath he sat down and rested. He was certainly rather puzzled; he had often read of such



It made a beautiful bunny

things in books, but he didn't know they could really happen.

By and by he went home, but he didn't tell anyone what had happened.

Later in the day Roland's mother called him to her. In her lap lay his handkerchief.

"Here's another of your handkerchiefs, Roland," she said. "You are always losing them, careless boy."

Then Roland told her how he had made it into a toy bunny, and how it had turned into a real, live one under his very nose.

But his mother only laughed as she kissed him, and said he had imagined it.

Peter Puck Goes to Wembley



Having seen an African chief weaving, Peter Puck now knows what is the chief occupation of West Africa.

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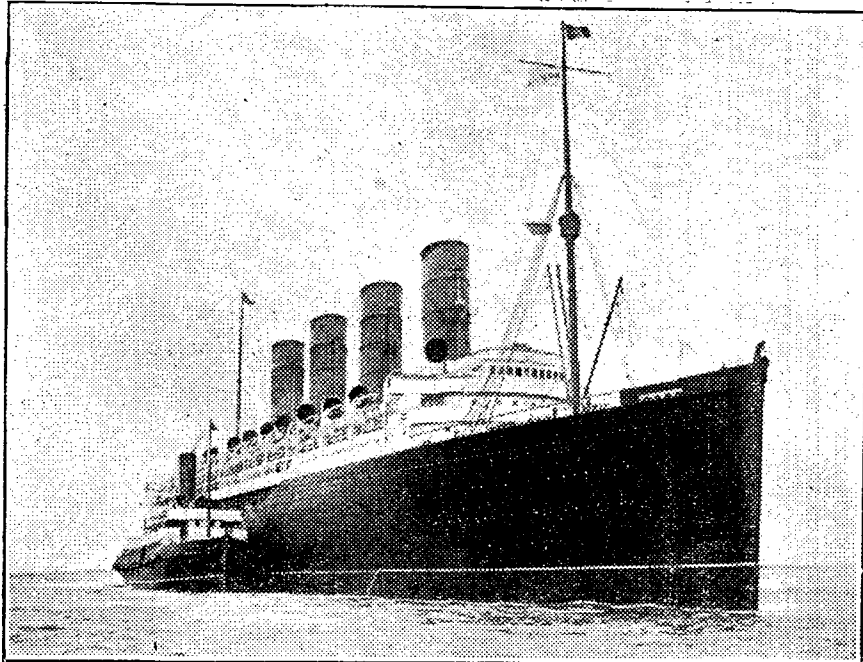
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September 13, 1924

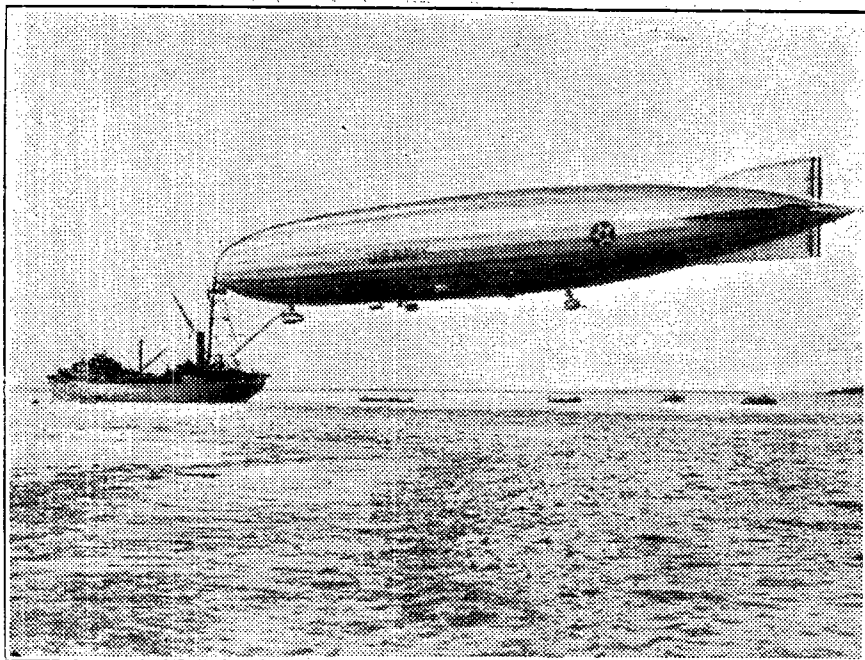
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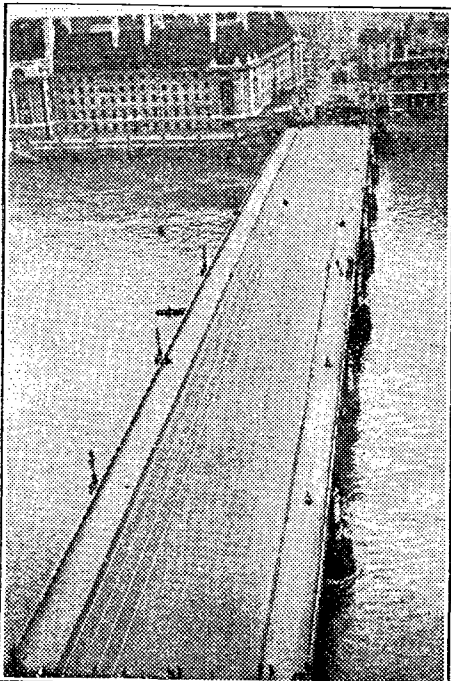
THE RECORD-BREAKING MAURETANIA • AIRSHIP MOORED TO A STEAMSHIP



The World's Record-Maker—The Cunard liner Mauretania, which has just made the fastest passage ever achieved by a ship across the Atlantic. Her time from New York to Cherbourg was five days, one hour, 49 minutes, and her fastest day's run 626 miles—a remarkable feat.



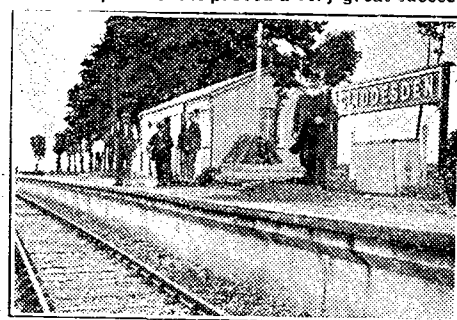
Airship Moored to a Steamship—The United States naval dirigible Shenandoah moored to the mast of the steamship Patoka lying at anchor in Narragansett Bay. This is the first time such a feat has been accomplished, and as an experiment it proved a very great success.



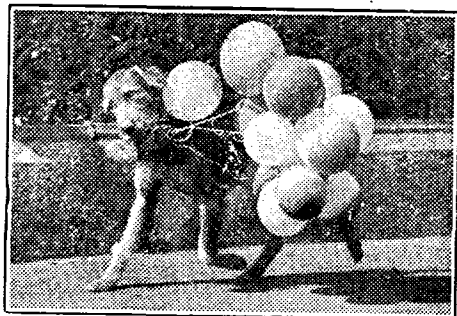
The Empty Bridge—Westminster Bridge as it appeared from Big Ben when cleared of traffic for the five-minute test recently carried out by London County Council engineers. See page 2.



A Stiff Race Among the Mountains—Among the old English sports carried out recently at Grasmere in Westmorland was a cross-country race for guides, and here we see some of the competitors climbing up the Butter Crag. The race was a stiff one but the competitors were all in fine form and showed great endurance.



The Renewed Railway—Cliddeaden station on the Basingstoke-Alton line with the rails relaid. These went to France during the war.



The Balloon Dog—A balloon day in aid of St. Dunstan's was recently held at a seaside resort, and this dog, an Airedale known as Jock, went about selling balloons in aid of the blind.



The Bugles Sound in Camp—Boys and girls from the Foundling Hospital in London have been spending six weeks in camp at Whitchurch Hill, in Oxfordshire, and this picture shows the bugles summoning the boys to a scramble for apples. The camp life was greatly enjoyed.



Pulling Down London—A great demolishing of old London buildings in Leadenhall Street, where an acre and a half is being cleared for the erection of the new Lloyds and the Royal Mail Steam Packet Offices. The whole work, rebuilding included, is to take twenty weeks.

A MESSENGER'S JOURNEY OF A MILLION YEARS—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR SEPTEMBER

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